



William Turner

SAVILLON's ELEGIES,

OR,

P O E M S.

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FRONTISPIECE.

View of Harrow School.



J. Crankshank Del.

Author. Ins^d

B. Raubing Sculp. 1795

*O say then whence proceeds the deep-fetch'd sigh,
That tear which gushes from the pensive eye?
Or why with cheerless step thus steal along
To bid farewell amid the anxious throng?*

SAVILLON's ELEGIES,

OR,

POEMS,

WRITTEN BY

A GENTLEMAN, A.B.

LATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

" Qui sit, Mæcenas, ut nemo, quam sibi fortem,
Seu ratio dederit, seu fors objecerit, illa
Contentus vivat : laudet diversa sequentes ?"

HORACE, *Liber Primus, Satyra I.*

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INTRODUCTION.

MOST of the following Poems have appeared in our different Journals, under the signatures of J. W. SOLANDER, NOX, &c. The principal object of arranging them in their present form, is to gratify the wishes of particular friends, and I lament on this account, that many of my juvenile performances, (and among them some of those which I prized the most) are lost or destroyed; such, however, as I have been able to collect, are here intruded to their notice.—Written at a period, ere taste had refined, or judgment sufficiently ripened the understanding, they were never intended to brave the Critic's rod, nor to vie for the mead of praise, and their beauties (if they possess any) consist more in the pensive language of sentiment, than in the rapid and sometimes unintelligible flight of superior genius to the Parnassian Mount.

A person who writes at thirty, and revises his work at fifty, may have many improvements to add; and it will not be expected by the candid reader, that the poetic effusions of one, who has not reached the former period of life, should equal in brilliancy the productions of those who have had longer experience

to embellish, and fan into fire, the first sparks of their native genius.—The majority of these Essays were penned, ere I had scarce attained the age of manhood, being composed during the interval of my entrance at, and my quitting the University, when, during the vacations, at a distance from my associates, and in the recesses of a beloved retreat, I touched the first chords of my melancholy lyre.—In looking over the pristine efforts of my humble Muse, by the aid of the pruning knife, I might, perhaps, have rendered them more worthy the attention of those who honor them with their patronage, but as they were never the lucubrations of deep study, with little consideration, I resolved not (in this respect, however) to amend the errors, or polish the ideas of my early youth, but to present them in the same simple garb in which they originally met the public eye.

Those lines and ideas which I was conscious, or even suspected, were not my own, are distinguished with quotation marks: if, therefore, I have innocently involved myself in the guilt of plagiarism, the offence, it is presumed, will not be deemed past redemption: the Bard who sounds the same tragic lyre with his neighbour, will sometimes catch a note, and set it to music as his own, without any intention to deceive.

It is a misfortune with many in the very early part of life to abuse nature, by forming too mean an opinion of their own faculties :— the diffident stripling hangs down his head in shame, and endeavours to evade the question of experience; while the *forward* youth, endowed with more confidence, but possibly inferior talents, boldly strikes into the track of information, and challenges inquiry; he hears the voice of applause thunder in his ears, and carries off the palm of genius, which by natural right, is not unfrequently the property of the other: the former may be compared to the bashful rose, which, (though of superior beauty perhaps, but unconscious of its blushing powers) appears to droop beneath the pride of the gaudy tulip, propt up against the frowning tempest; and the timid mind, like the tender plant, requires to be defended against the north wind; the slightest injury will depress the spirits of some, though naturally courageous, while others, awake to wrongs, but of less delicate feelings, will soar above the threats of malice, and disperse into air the breath of unmerited calumny: we look up to a great genius with an eye of admiration, but I am not sure if I would wish to be that man, because I think the person of moderate capacity *happiest* of the two; he steers his little bark through a less troubled sea, and avoids splitting upon the rocks of envy.

Devoted, when only five years old, to combat the troubles of a public school, numbering at that time, (I believe) upwards of three hundred boys, I had many a storm to weather, and many a buffet to conquer: running from the confined illiterate nursery into a learned extensive seminary, where the pupils have generally imbibed their first rudiments at lesser schools, my little spirit, unable to brook the mortification of ignorance, laboured under the pressure of ideal inferiority, and from the supposition of its being impossible to rival my class-mate of superior years and learning, I was discouraged from trying the extent of those abilities, (however trivial they might be) with which Nature had gifted me; but time gradually draws aside the veil of self-modesty, and emancipates us from error. As I encreased in years, I confess, I grew up in indolence, and my contemporaries, with whom I was in habits of intimacy, will bear witness to the pastimes of a truant-boy, throwing aside his theme for the rustic sports of a village fair, and of a college youth, enabled to mix in the circle of gaiety and pleasure, consigning Euclid to his dungeon, for the more easy and fashionable instructions of a Newmarket Jockey:—More ambitious to gain the *love* of my companions, than the approbation of my master, I endeavoured to excel in *gymnastic* exercises; I was a hero of the bat

and ball, and few perhaps surpassed me at leap-frog, in trundling the hoop, or at the top-race ; but I followed not with equal courage and agility, the martial Homer through the field of battle :— the lag hound, though often as fleet as many others in the pack, must be whipped up to his duty ; but the consequences which followed a disobedience to the summons of the morning bell, were not sufficiently terrific to rouse me from the arms of Morpheus ; and this idle habit involved me in many difficulties : but however severe our sufferings may have been, we cast back a grateful eye towards the spot where our early friendships were formed ; where the sons of Nobility and Traffic went hand in hand ; and the generous mind cherishes a reverential love for those instructors, who have been our first guides in the paths of knowledge and of truth.—Ye dear haunts, within the bounds of Harrow, of my thoughtless, boyish days, thy objects live in fond remembrance, and reflect many a frolic scene, and many a happy hour !— I ask pardon of my strange readers, (if any such there be) should these observations be deemed a digression from the subject, but in introducing them to the contents of the following pages, the author thought it not unnecessary to give some little description of himself, and of the country which gave birth to his solitary Muse.

An unpossessed something is ever sought after to render more prosperous the state of man: In youth we look forward to pleasures engendering in the womb of time, Hope sports before our eyes, and prolific Fancy paints the smiling plain of Futurity, strewn with roses; and the inexperienced mind receives such delight in travelling through these delusive regions, that, careless of those blessings at our command, we suffer the present moments to pass unenjoyed away, looking forward to some more distant view; where the fabric is erecting, which is to contain our every desire,— the Paradise within, whose envied limits meanders the soft stream of uninterrupted happiness: but, alas! the messenger of *Truth*, with those glad tidings which are to complete our wishes, still remains at an imaginary distance, and day after day, elapses in vain, to convince us of our folly: from these reflections, in a great measure, may have issued the Author's mournful song; naturally of a desponding (though I hope an easy) temper, I too early imbibed sentiments, which tinged my mind with a kind of romantic sadness, and I took up MELPOMENE's doleful pipe to encourage and to indulge it.—To me it was a pleasing task, to traverse alone the shady solitude, where the peaceful nightingale poured forth her song; or at silent eve to wander to the mouldering abbey, and as the bird of night

repeated to the moon his dismal strain, to meditate the tale of woe : and which, though frequently originating in fiction, may too often be verified, were we to trace out the secret abode of misery ;— for how often might we discern the wretched *Captive*, lingering upon his bed of straw ; the ruined *Orphan*, in tears of anguish, recalling to memory the past season of her innocence : and the distracted *Lover*, raving over the manes of his departed JULIA ! It would be disparaging the gifts of Providence and of Nature, were I to insinuate, that my sorrows flowed from the source of cruel *self*-misfortune ; in the early spring of life, with a fair prospect before me, I had reason to be content and happy ; but where is the Being ;— the sage Philosopher, who can justly claim the epithet of *happy* ? There exists an intermediate space between what we term happiness and the gulph of misery, and I wrote not, because I was myself *wretched*, but because I felt for the wretchedness of others.

Well aware as I am, how unacceptable would be the offerings of a weeping Muse, to the gay and the unthinking, I am not the less sanguine, that those for whose perusal her plaintive effusions are chiefly intended, should they fail in affording pleasure, will not be reprobated for the sentiments they convey. As

to others, into whose hands accident may direct them, they must take their chance; and, however small may be the portion of their merit, written as they were, without the fear of censure, or the hope of praise, should they inculcate nothing to condemn, the author's endeavours will meet their expected reward.

* * * When first these Poems went to press, they were intended only for the perusal of private friends, but from the flattering encomiums bestowed on them by impartial Readers, added to the consideration, that the artist's talents justly authorize an exemption from obscurity; the author has been induced to wave his diffidence in this respect, and by extending the number of copies, to offer them to the countenance of those, among the public, whose simple taste may accord with his own writings.

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SAVILLON's ELEGIES

AND

P O E M S.

ADIEU TO HARROW.

WRITTEN ON THE AUTHOR'S LEAVING SCHOOL.

AT length the wish'd-for day's arriv'd, that day
Which Fancy pictur'd oft in bright array;
When every thought-swoln trouble would be o'er,
And *Greek* and *Latin* clog the brain no more;
When joys awaited, numberless to tell,
And scenes where varied pleasures ever dwell.

O say then whence proceeds the deep-fetch'd sigh,
That tear which gushes from the pensive eye?
Or why, with cheerless step thus steal along,
To bid farewell amid the anxious throng?
Oh, my dear friends, true partners of each joy,
When nought our blended pleasures could annoy;
How oft, when loos'd from Homer's tragic tale,
We've painted future bliss o'er Windred's ale. (*Note A**)

* See Notes at the end.

How (when at college met) our joys we'd crown,
And spurn the pride that swells the filken gown;
Then vow'd in general friendship to unite,
Pure was the origin,—the purpose bright;
And thou, Black Ben, who oft with threatning nod, (B)
Hast bid me wait the vengeance of the rod;
Can *you* enforce a tear? But yet it flows,
A sweet remembrancer of all my woes;
And tells me *Justice*, with austere command,
Directed thus my upright master's hand.

My Arnold, shall I quit, unnotic'd, you, (C)
Without one thought, one kind, one last adieu!
A tender sprig intrusted to your care,
You screen'd the sapling from the winter's air:
Full many a fag I 'scap'd up Harrow hill;
By you protected from the tyrant's will;
Accept then, here, the greeting of my heart,
'Tis Custom's laws compel me to depart.
Adieu, sweet grove! beneath whose spreading shade (D)
I oft invok'd the Muses' friendly aid:
Oft there, with plodding gait, I've paus'd along,
When study forc'd me from the playful throng:
And you, stern lion! who with roaring voice, (E)
My slumbers broke, and made me curse thy noise.

And now my friends,—but hark ! the calling bell,
Yet one more hearty squeeze, and then farewell !
I go to steer my bark on dang'rous seas,
And dread the ruffle of each slender breeze :
Yet, fill'd with thy best cheer, in hopes I fail,
And gather strength against th' impending gale :
Then fare-ye-well, tho' sure in leaving you,
To *real* happiness I bid adieu !

THE
SCHOOL-BOY'S FIRE-SIDE.

THE timid boy, releas'd from Virgil's tale,
With fault'ring step, and ghastly visage pale,
The learned threshold quits, and bends his way
To wonted rest, yet fears his looks pourtray:
While, thro' the leafless trees, the wintry blast
Now howls, and strikes his tim'rous soul aghast!
With quicken'd step he hastes, now backward turns,
Now gath'ring courage, present danger spurns!
Till reach'd the lone church-yard, his bosom heaves
The swell, nor Fear a ray of comfort leaves:
Yet striving to subdue each fancied dread,
He whistles thro' the mansions of the dead,
Nor casts once glance behind; now thinks he feels
Some midnight phantom grasping at his heels.
At length, each terror fled, he braves the blast,
And fearless stops, to view the horrors past.
Then onward hastes, to tell with keen desire
His ready story round the winter's fire.

And now, assembled round the hearth, each boy,
With fear each bosom pants, and now with joy;
His woeful tale begins, and now he boasts,
That by the church he saw *three* white-rob'd ghosts:

Now vows he saw each issue from its tomb ;
A virgin one resembled—in her bloom !
In bloody vest, another seem'd to tell,
That by the murderer's slaught'ring hand he fell :
A *third* appear'd, more ghastly than the rest,
Three dismal groans re-echoed from his breast ;
A warrior's weapon in his hand he bore,
And on his head the cap of vengeance wore ;
Then swiftly glancing 'cross his mazy sight,
Descended to the silent realms of night.

“ Now closer crowd the throng around the blaze,”
And, fear-struck, view each other with amaze ;
Nor dares e'en one to cast a look behind,
Left Fancy paint some goblin to his mind.
The blust'ring wind the time-worn roof now rends ;
Blown from its top, the broken tile descends :
Now starts each comrade from his tott'ring seat—
All from the *haunted* room in haste retreat.
The hour of rest arriv'd, each seeks his bed,
And pents beneath the clothes his restless head :
In lengthen'd darkness lingers on the night,
Swift round the bed, Fear's visions take their flight,
'Till, from the mind, each terror gradual flies,
As glad Aurora streaks the dawning skies.

THE
CHILD OF WOE.

*This POEM was intended to represent the Situation of a GENTLEMAN,
whose Life had been a Series of unmerited Misfortunes.*

ERST into being from the womb I glow'd,
Misfortune hover'd round, imperious foe!
These eyes in bitter streams prophetic flow'd,
And usher'd into life the Child of Woe.

When first the breast its nurturing nipple gave,
To force the milky drop these gums refus'd;
Yet doom'd by fate the ills of life to brave,
"I grew to age, neglected, scorn'd, abus'd."

Oh! whence my sorrows do ye constant flow?
When will the source be dry from whence ye spring?
When Pity on this wretch her calm bestow;
Oh! when this breast will misery cease to sting?

When pensive from my bed each morn I rise,
And cast my tearful eyes the scene around;
The Sun, alas! his chearing beam denies,
For *me* no ray of comfort there is found.

But round this cottage drear, perpetual night
O'er day's bright orb her gloomy mantle spreads;
Oft here the screech-owl wings his dusky flight,
And o'er my roof his plaintive mourning sheds.

The wretch that pines within the prison-gate,
Proves not the torture of my soul's distress;
Ah! happier far than mine, his destin'd fate,
Tho' guilty chains his fetter'd limbs oppress.

But, prov'd this breast some interval from pain,
Or heav'd the sigh oppress'd with *common* grief;
I'd cease to speak my woes, nor e'er complain,
Or pray to distant pity for relief.

Content I'd brood in silence o'er my lot,
And share, compos'd, the ills bequeath'd mankind;
"But when by parent and by friend forgot,"
Then hard's the task to soothe the troubled mind.

Hear me, thou Monarch of all-ruling might,
And pour down mercy on a wretch's head;
Close fast these eyes in never-waking night,
And deign my wearied soul in Heav'n a bed.

Yet stop, nor let me daring vent aloud
My forrows thus, nor heedless curse my doom;
An angel Fancy paints in yonder cloud,
That whispers peace, woe dies within the tomb.

Resign'd, then suffer patiently thy pain,
Nor censure thus thy mighty Maker's will;
With duteous awe thy present ills sustain,
And soon eternal peace thy woes shall still.

Rend then, Adversity, this care-worn breast,
"Deep let me drain the cup of bitter grief;"
'Till, fill'd my insatiate soul, it flies to rest,
And finds in Heav'ns blest realms its due relief.

ODE TO RETIREMENT.

O, LEAD me to some hermit's shelter'd cell,
Or find my steps some peasant's homely cot,
Where genuine peace and sweet contentment dwell,
Where riches vanish, and where pride's forgot.

Where no stern porter ope's the folding door,
Re-echoing forth its haughty master's wealth;
And breathes denial to the friendless poor,
My Lord's from home, or, not in perfect health.

Where no ambition fires the swelling breast,
No courtly fop array'd in garb most grand;
Nor splendid chariot shews the baron's crest,
Nor glist'ning pannel apes the bloody hand.

Hence, all ye gaudy trappings of parade!
Ye grated lattices, ye costly domes!
I value not your charms, nor court your aid,
Ye tasteless joys, where pleasure rarely comes.

Grant me, ye Gods ! Retirement's rural bliss,
Beyond the grasp of Riches' potent sway ;
Where no vile art beguiles the maiden's kiss,
Nor gorgeous title stamps the bridal day.

Where Falsehood's fulsome tale no longer apes
The mask of Truth, in Flatt'ry's borrow'd guile ;
Nor high-swoln Pride at gilded Honor gapes,
Nor fordid Interest courts the great man's smile.

Here, shelter'd in the valley's sweet retreat,
Each rising morn with happiness I'll crown ;
Here will I fix (my guests) the Muse's seat,
And spurn with them the follies of the town.

At dawn of light I'll tend the sky-lark's note,
That twitters gaily o'er my straw-topp'd shed ;
And as he tunes to bliss his chanting throat,
I'll sing 'till from my humble roof he's fled.

When Phœbus bright here beams his scorching rays,
I'll sit beneath this oak, that shades the dale ;
Or, wand'ring thro' the wood's intricate ways,
I'll court the zephyrs of the fanning gale.

At silent eve I'll seek the peaceful grove,
The murm'ring brook that gently glides along;
Or, should to village sports my foot-steps rove,
I'll join in rustic dance the thoughtless throng.

Here will I share of mirth the welcome meal,
No pride, dread foe to bliss, shall sting my breast,
When fill'd with pleasure, from the board I'll steal,
And homeward plod my way to downy rest.

There, free from care, I'll lull my soul to sleep,
In pleasing dreams the nightly hours shall fly;
No lordly frown shall cause these eyes to weep,
Nor stern ambition bid this breast to sigh.

Begone, thou destin'd foe to earthly bliss!
Too long you've tenanted this unpaid breast;
Fly far my roof, replete with happiness,
And let Humility its inmate rest.

Away all greatness and thy glittering train,
Seek not to dim these eyes with pompous glare;
Nor bend thy steps tow'ards this retir'd domain,
For nought of thee shall cloy my humble fare.

No titled equipage shall e'er be seen,
To roll in passing grandeur o'er this plain;
No lordly guest, pourtray'd in graceful mien,
Shall enter here, nor Pride a welcome gain.

But here the wearied traveller shall find
A friendly host, and rest in soft repose;
Here shall the wounded Soldier call to mind
His injur'd worth, nor tell unheard his woes.

Here shall my soul, content, true pleasure prove,
Nor longer flit on Fortune's doubtful wing;
Hence, shall its flight on hasty pinions move,
Tow'rs that retreat, where sorrows cease to sting.

O, come then, Happiness! be thou my guest,
Sweet flow'rets round my cottage daily strew;
'Till Heav'n in pity grants my sole request,
And thither call'd, I'm join'd in peace with you.

THE CAPTIVE.

HAIL, happy morn ! how charming are thy rays
To minds at ease, from dire oppression free ;
No chearly beam, alas ! *my* grief allays,
Depriv'd of life's chief sweetner—Liberty.

Thou rising sun that spread'ft around delight,
To these sad drooping eyes thou shin'ft in vain ;
Thy powers are lost on me, tho' e'er so bright,
Thou canst not loose these chains, or ease my pain.

With thee the ready ploughman quits his bed,
Pursues, secure from care, his daily toil ;
With thee retires, reseeks his humble shed,
Thoughtless what fate awaits the morrow's broil.

How happy he ! how calmly pass his days !
His sole ambition rests in Liberty !
Dear name ! on thee, alas ! in vain I gaze,
Sentenc'd for life to dire captivity.

On me each wistful morn fresh sorrow sheds,
Each night creates new horrors in my breast ;
Dread night ! that o'er my cell grim Darkness spreads,
And spurns me from the lulling arms of Rest.

Oh ! balmy sleep, that rid'st the soul of care,
In vain I 'nvoke thee to my bed of straw ;
Thou spurn'st the wretched Captive's humble fare,
And bidst him reap the fruits of cruel war.

In this drear cell nought else but Sorrow reigns,
The sole companion of each hapless hour ;
Save when at night the lonely owl complains,
In dismal note from yonder ruin'd tow'r.

Save when by Cynthia's pallid dawn I view
The tiger, stealing o'er the distant waste ;
Save when the rav'nous wolf, with hideous hue,
Pursues his destin'd prey in eager haste.

Save when the ship-wreck'd mariner I view,
Imploring mercy from the hostile wave ;
In vain he calls, now shrieks the frantic crew,
Employ'd each hand the freighted bark to save.

Now rolls the threat'ning thunder o'er their heads,
Now Boreas with redoubled vengeance blows;
Each billow now the feeble vessel dreads,
'Till vanquish'd quite, she yields to conq'ring foes.

Now plung'd in stormy Neptune's craggy deep,
Th' intrepid seaman seeks his wat'ry grave;
'Till rock'd at length into eternal sleep,
He rests companion of the murm'ring wave.

Yet, envious fate, bereft of every care,
Through busy life the dreary voyage is o'er;
The dreaded port is made, where wan Despair
The faithless breast of man molests no more.

Where stern Ambition ends her vain career,
Where Pride no more in stately grandeur reigns;
Where mighty Kings, with peasants share their cheer,
And where the Captive, Liberty regains.

Ye Gods, who rule above, then hear my prayer,
Release my limbs from this dire load of pain;
Then free'd I'll bid defiance to each care,
And drown my sorrows in yon boist'rous main.

Yet vain the wish ! my sorrows nought avail,
No feeling ear will listen to my woes ;
Nor yet will pitying eye, nor prosperous gale,
Once lend their aid to vanquish these dread foes.

Then doom'd, alas ! to linger out my days,
In these drear realms my sorrows ne'er will cease ;
'Till Time at length my ev'ry grief allays,
And locks me in the arms of lasting Peace.

LOUISA,
AN ELEGY;

WRITTEN

UPON A LADY, WHO PERISHED ON HER VOYAGE TO INDIA,

*Whither she had followed a YOUNG MAN, mutually attached, in consequence
of a Matrimonial Engagement.*

THE full-orb'd moon in solemn splendor shone,
And deck'd in silv'ry garb the still-hush'd wave ;
The weary winds had ceas'd their plaintive moan,
When sad I sought Louisa's wat'ry grave.

No sound was heard—dead silence reign'd around,
Invoking sadness to the awful scene ;
The drowsy flocks lay hush'd within their mound,
And thoughtless sped the shepherd o'er the green.

'Twas then, distracted, on the sea-lav'd shore,
I chid in frantic grief th' insatiate main ;
That lost Louisa's image did restore,
And told the secret troubles of my brain.

Ah, sweet Louise ! accurs'd, yet dear the day,
That dropp'd thee from thy Mother-Angel's cloud ;
Too soon thus mingled with the mould'ring clay,
Too soon enwrapt in Death's resistless shroud.

She, who was wont to raise the sorrowing head,
When sunk beneath the pillow of despair ;
Oft hapless there with winged speed she fled,
And minister'd relief with anxious care.

Yea, she was gentle as the twilight dove,
Untaught by Art, in Vice's path unknown ;
Her heart was form'd to innocence and love,
The Child of Virtue, and the Grace's own.

Her form was elegance in native ease,
Her face excell'd the pencil's utmost art ;
What sense could spurn such beauty, made to please ?--
What breast of steel resist the fatal dart ?

Then tell me, rueful billow, is she rock'd
To endless sleep beneath thy surging foam ?
Or does her spirit, 'till in peace it's lock'd
With Henry's soul, a wretched wand'rer roam ?

Yet, sure such worth t' immortal bliss has fled,
To blessed regions of eternal peace ;
And Sister-Angels guard her fainted bed,
'Till Henry there his sorrows shall appease.

Then haste away ! fly swift ye ling'ring days !
Ye weary nights in wafting sorrow pass'd ;
'Till rous'd from Death's last sleep, I wake amaz'd
In Heav'n ! and in Louisa's arms am clasp'd.

STANZAS

ON

HEARING THE SCREECH-OWL AT NIGHT.

I.

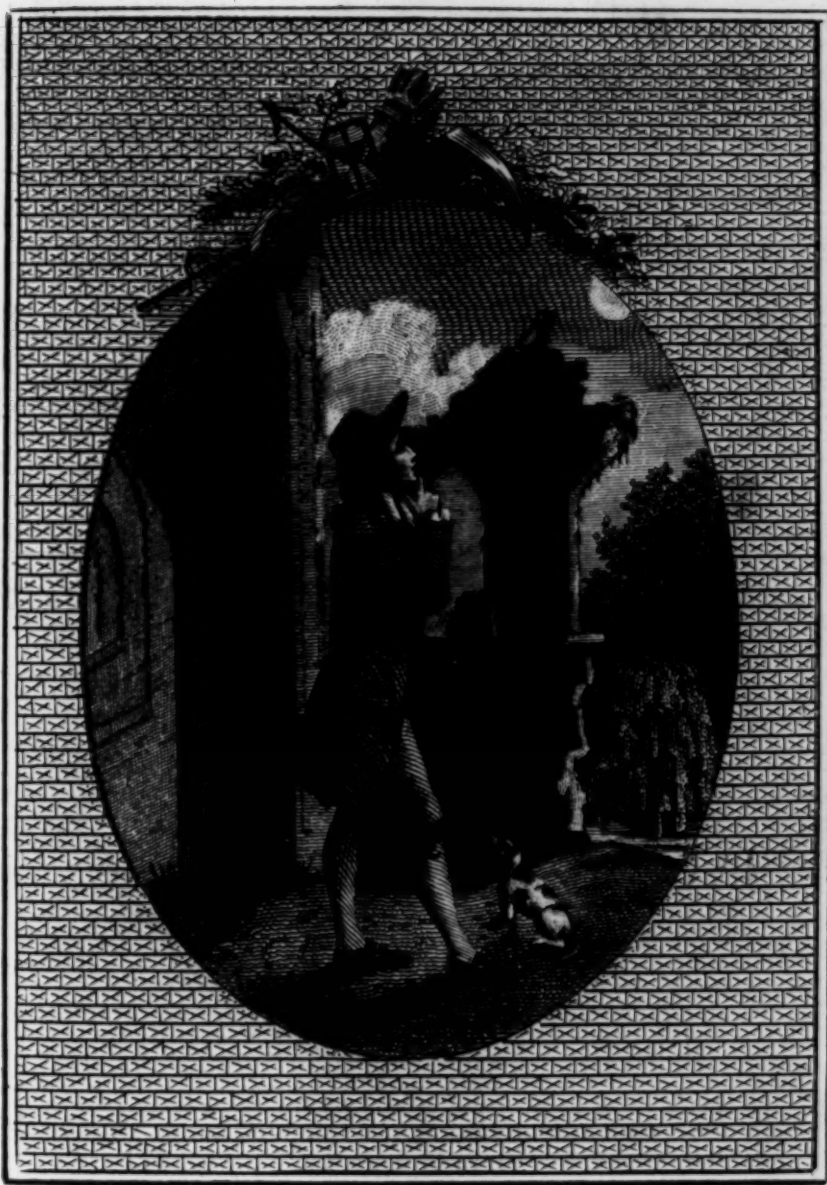
HARK to that plaintive voice which thrills my ears,
And wakes my tim'rous soul to midnight fears ;
That vents its wailing thro' the slumb'ring air,
In founds of horror and acute despair.

II.

'Tis the lone Screech-Owl's call ! which *I* obey,
For I, like him, make gloomy night the day ;
Condemn'd, like him, by Cynthia's dawn to rove,
Thro' the wild mazes of intricate love.

III.

Yes, mournful bird, to thee I fly for rest,
To woo sweet *Melancholy* to my breast ;
For in thy sorrow-sounding note I find
A precious balm, that soothes my frantic mind.



Cruikshank Del Author Innocent B. Reading Sculp
 With thee I scale the antique ruin'd tow'r,
 Or haunt the lone retreat of Cupids bow'r;
 And as you vent aloud repeated woes,
 In untold grief the silent tear-drop flows.



IV.

With thee I scale the antique ruin'd tow'r,
Or haunt the lone retreat of Cupid's bow'r;
And as you vent aloud repeated woes,
In untold grief the silent tear-drop flows.

V.

When morning's tints the pale-fac'd night dispel,
You seek the hermit's roof, and *I* his cell;
Till Luna reigns again—thy call I tend,
And hail thee as my guest and only friend.

ELEGY

ON

A FAVOURITE DOG,

*Intrusted by an intimate FRIEND, to the Care of the AUTHOR, during the
Absence of its MASTER, and which was afterwards presented to him
as a Token of Regard; whose death was occasioned from having
received a Bite from a MAD DOG.*

ASSIST me spirits ! whilst to Vixen's grave,
With solitary step I mournful stray;
Whilst with a tear the rueful spot I lave,
Where injur'd innocence and friendship lay.

Accurs'd the hand ! and hard the savage heart !
That drove the deadly weapon 'gainst her breast ;
That breast, which ne'er till then had thought to smart,
Beneath the hand it often had caress'd.

My friend ! when thus thy Fav'rite's fate you hear,
Intrusted late beneath Protection's wing;
How will the tidings rend your woe-struck ear,
Oh, how your heart with pity will it wring.

Yea, often as the sorrowing turf I pass,
Where hidden rests beneath her worth reclin'd;
So oft will Mem'ry's tear re-bathe the grass,
So oft recall your friendship to my mind.

Then rest in endless sleep, dear honour'd shade,
Departed gift of concord most sincere;
Whilst o'er your resting place a tribute's paid,
Whilst there a weeping master helps your bier.

Oh, hard the task! yet sweet the chosen pain,
Which thus reiterates Affliction's dart;
Accept the tear which sorrow can't restrain,
The farewell token of a bleeding heart.

EPITAPH TO THE ABOVE.

A moment stop, ye thoughtless passers by,
Ye mourning tenants of yon helpless dome!
O, drop one mindful tear, or breathe a sigh,
Thy favourite here has found a lasting home.

STANZAS

ON

A SLEEPING INFANT.

SWEET sleeping Innocent ! how blest thy state,
Thus lull'd to rest within thy mother's arms :
No anxious cares thy slumbers now await,
Nor dream of woe, thy spotless breast alarms !

Luxuriant sleep ! true balm of heav'nly bliss !
Entic'd beneath thy watchful parent's wing :
Ah ! did it last, what joy could equal this !
What scenes of happiness would each day bring !

But know, dear Babe, as thus you slumb'ring lay,
That short's thy sleep, and short's thy transient reign;
For soon those cheeks, which now in smiles look gay,
The cares of life will fur with many a pain.

As now thy mother clasps thy naked frame,
Thus gently fondled in her anxious arms :
Soon will some rude blast those blessings maim,
Ah ! soon will waft thee from those fleeting charms.

Yes, soon thy fated bark its course must steer,
Thro' troubled seas, where dangers hover round ;
Where no fond parent deigns thy cries to hear,
Nor pitying friend will tend the distant sound.

Sleep on then, Innocent, in balmy rest,
Thus undisturb'd, enjoy thy happy reign ;
For brief's the space by pleasure's thus carest,
'Twixt short liv'd happiness, and frequent pain.

STANZAS

ON

A LADY'S DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND.

COME weep with me, ye tenants of the grove !

Ye stagnate rills, ye drooping willows, moan ;
The queen of birds that lately deign'd to rove,
Thro' thy enchanted bow'rs, far off is flown.

On Nature's gifted wings of airy haste,
'Cross Ocean's wave it seeks a distant realm ;
Nor stops its course along the mourning waste,
The spreading oak, the foliage-cladden elm.

In vain laments, in note of heart-felt woe,
Its hapless partner of the weeping grove ;
The flow'rets sweet, which verdant there did grow,
Now droop each head, kind emblems of their love.

Sweet voice of melody ! how cheer'd the swain,
Thy song, there wand'ring to relate his love ;
With them, alas ! now join'd in pensive train,
He weeps, in sad dismay, their absent dove.

Ah ! cheerless bow'rs ! where now thy wonted charms,
Sweet S—DC—P ! late, that deign'd a blest retreat ?
Where now thy spreading oaks ? their honor'd arms
Encircling Virtue's and the Grace's seat.

Where now the plunder'd shrubbery's boasted walk,
That issued fragrance forth in roseate hue ?
Thy blossoms fade, and weeds are left to stalk,
Where beauty once in native semblance grew.

Ah, me ! each shrub now clad in deep array,
Bewails the morn with drops of sorrowing dew ;
All joy is gone, no sun now glads the day,
Each tenant *there* to pleasure bids adieu.

Here once this drooping lilly rear'd its head,
Each morn fresh nurture drew from Virtue's hand ;
Here too this wither'd rose its odors spread,
And deck'd in pillag'd grace the naked land.

Here tun'd at eve sweet Philomel her throat,
To rhyme of love, to peerless accents gay ;
Here warbled thro' these trees the thrush its note,
And here too, Cupid fix'd his evening lay.

Sweet daised mead, that rais'd its white-fraught head,
And beam'd forth lustre from the radiant sun;
Where now thy borrow'd garb? a wat'ry bed,
Awaits thy lay, where late each beauty shone.

Yea, e'en the cattle conscious seem to moan,
And sad'ning graze along the pensive plain;
Hear how the grief-struck sky resounds the groan,
Re-echoed forth in melancholy strain!

Ah! Damon blithe, that whistled o'er these plains,
And thrill'd with accents gay the solemn air;
Where now thy dormant pipe? its dulcit strains,
Which banish'd hence the shaft of canker'd care?

Where now the voice that taught thy rustic lute,
To vent its notes beneath the silent shade;
That voice which deign'd to give a tongue each mute,
Now lost its harmony, and fled its aid.

Begone then, shepherd! hence all pleasure flies,
Haste far away this now-deserted plain;
Re-seek those bowers which boast this hidden prize,
And there, *once more*, your paradise regain.

Here left thro' solitude alone to rove,
I'll court each weeping guest,—my fate deplore;
Oft shall the tear its loss in torrents prove,
Where virtue chaste, and beauty charm no more.

Here on this tree, I'll carve the precious name,
And tell its owner's worth to future days;
Here shall it breathe in traits of living fame,
Still shall T—— exist in laurell'd praise.

REPLY TO SOPHIA ;

Written in the Name of a FRIEND, in Answer to a LADY, inquiring the Cause of his Despair.

O, WONDER not, SOPHIA, dear,
Why wears this cheek the fur of care ;
Why leaves its cell, this tell-tale tear,
Or, why these limbs thus wasted are ?
Those charms, which hope had once ordain'd for me,
Have doom'd this breast to lasting misery.

O, ask not why this bosom grieves,
It beating pants with load of woe ;
Or why the troubled sigh it heaves,
By fervent love thus taught to glow ?
Peruse this burning heart thou senseless fair,
And read the cause in reeking symbols there.

Enquire not why along the shade,
My footsteps pause in pensive stalk ;
And shun the path for lovers made,
Where Cupids prate in wanton talk ?
Know, cruel nymph, to death they plod the way,
By *you* entic'd from happiness to stray.

ELIZA,
AN ELEGY.

HENCE from the shady grove's alluring walk,
The cowslip'd mead, the gentle purling rill;
Give *me* the drear church-yard alone to stalk,
And there of sorrows let me take my fill.

For long my steps Affliction's path have trod,
Yea, long have fought the yew-tree's gloomy shade;
And oft with sorrow have impress'd the sod,
Where, lock'd in sleep, my lost ELIZA's laid.

Oft there my dismal thoughts the way have led,
When darkness sad has clos'd the ling'ring day;
And seated 'mid the regions of the dead,
Have moisten'd with my tears the mould'ring clay.

There oft I've mourn'd by Cynthia's pallid dawn,
And woo'd the tolling of the deadly bell;
When Phœbus bright has cheer'd the weeping morn,
I've fought in wild despair some hermit's cell.

There from my eyes to banish hateful day,
And soothe with Sorrow's balm my hapless lot;
"For no kind friend will this breast's grief allay,"
ELIZA gone! by all the world forgot.

A fairer flower Earth's bosom never bore,
'Till wither'd by the winter's hoary blight!
A cruel blast the tender fibres tore—
It droop'd its head, and sunk from mortal fight.

In heav'n ELIZA, if you hold your reign,
Look down with pity on thy EDWARD's woes;
Remember him, whom *thou* hast doom'd to pain,
And lull his frantic soul to calm repose.

ELEGY,

WRITTEN ON AN EVENING IN SUMMER.

SWEET peaceful eve ! with pensive silence crown'd,
Lone stillness hail ! roll on ye babbling rills—
The dusky bat swift wings his wonted round,
And dreary darkness tips the distant hills.

Departing Phœbus down the western sky,
In solemn grandeur hides his ruby face ;
Now to their nests the feather'd songsters fly,
And gloomy night steals on in awful pace.

Nor aught is heard ! save rustling thro' the trees,
On quiv'ring pinions gently borne along ;
The cooling zephyr wafts its gentle breeze,
And bears refreshment to the lab'ring throng.

Save now and then the screech-owl's plaintive cry,
" On some rude fragment " perch'd, or mould'ring
Save PHILOMEL's their absent mates decry, [tow'r :
In strains reproachful thro' the echoing bow'r.

Save the dull sheep-bell's drowsy tinkling sound,
At moving periods wakes the pensive ear ;
Or watchful shepherd from the fleecy mound,
Who, whistling homeward, tends his blithe career.

Save the brown cowboy's known expressive yell,
The moaning cattle hooping o'er the plain ;
Or cackling goose ; or, lurkers to repel,
The mastiff howling from the 'squire's domain.

Save the hoarse raven to the rooky bow'r,
On footy pinions wings his croaking way ;
Or bee that hums around the dewy flow'r,
Ere fateful night decrees it to decay.

All else is still ! yet hark, yon tolling bell,
That stirs to weightier thoughts, the trembling
View the black coffin fauntering to its cell, [foul :
In slow obedience to stern Death's controul.

Contain'd, perhaps, therein the virgin frame,
Of some fair maid, a sacrifice to love ;
Some warrior perhaps, of private fame, [prove.
Whose worth, if tried, as ELLIOT'S, great might

Sunk in the void of night, now Envy dies,
Oblivion hurls her leaden sceptre round ;
Absconded in the gulph too, Malice lies,
Till rous'd by Morning to her art profound.

Lur'd to the lulling arms of soft repose,
The wearied traveller quits the dusty road ;
Forgets in sleep, the soldier too, his woes,
Or o'er the flask throws off Misfortune's load.

All, all, save wretched me, retire to rest,
But *my* neglected head no pillow woo's ;
A thousand troubles torture this sad breast,
Which perjur'd friends, to mollify, refuse.

O, hushful night ! and thou (proud stranger) sleep !
That frees the life-sick mortal from despair ;
“ Can ye my senses in oblivion steep,
And grant a short-liv'd respite to my care ? ”

Oh, no ! nor day, nor night, allays my grief,
Shipwreck'd I rove along the desert shore ;
Like some lost mariner, denied relief,
And doom'd to mourn 'till life shall be no more.

V E R S E S

O N

VISITING THE TOMB OF AN UNFORTUNATE
Y O U N G L A D Y.

WHERE yonder yew-tree spreads its gloomy shade,
And the lone moon, in pallid vest array'd,
Gleams thro' the dreary haunts of silent night,
Diffusing round her meditating light;
There rudely mingled with the sleeping dead,
Belov'd LAURELLA lays her care-eas'd head;
There moulders into dust the fairest frame,
That e'er to Virtue's mead deserv'd a claim;
A sweeter bud the lovely spring ne'er knew,
Within the garden's pale, to envious view,
She blossom'd forth, with modest timid air,
Beneath a watchful parent's anxious care,
In blust'ring pride there grew, consign'd to reign,
The Queen of Beauty 'mong the bashful train.
But, ah! disastrous fate! by heav'ns decree,
Her guardian droop'd, and died in misery,

And left her blooming hope, with trembling fear,
To tread the mazy world,—thro' life to steer :—
Yet, ere she died, bequeath'd her last advice,
Her darling caution'd 'gainst the lures of Vice :
Depicted to her mind the path *she'd* trod,
“ *True to herself, and truer to her God.*”

But scarce had filial love the sacred trust
In tears committed to its kindred dust,
When vile Seduction laid his captious snare—
A tempest rose, and scatter'd in the air,
The faded blossoms of the withering stem,
Destroy'd, and naked, stripp'd of every gem ;
No more to usher forth in bright array,
Nor spread its ruin'd beauties to the day.
Such was LAURELLA'S fate: but Truth record
The base affections of her perjur'd Lord.
Torn from her native roof—unheard her cries—
The villain bore away his plunder'd prize !
He flatter'd, sigh'd—in vain !—for still no art
Could lure from rectitude her spotless heart.
Despairing thus—the madd'ning fatal bowl,
Infus'd corruption to her guiltless soul.

Depriv'd of sense, bewilder'd in a dream—
Each thought was flown of virtue and esteem,
And yielded up to man's destructive pow'r,
She bow'd obedience in Oppression's hour.

Pall'd with the feast, the fated lover fled,
And left her senseless on the tainted bed !
Hapless she wak'd—abandon'd, and forlorn—
Expos'd to vice, to infamy, and scorn;
And when returning sense her fate reveal'd,
Asham'd to face the world—she droop'd conceal'd;
Unform'd the voice of calumny to brave,
And sunk repenting to an early grave.





Cruikshank Del.

Author Invent.

B. Reading Sculp.

Yet dauntless still, upon the wasteful shore,
I watch the surges mount the rocky steep;
Breaking, I hear them clash with frantic roar,
And fall in vanquish'd murmurs to the deep!

ELEGY

WRITTEN

ON THE SEA COAST AT MARGATE.

OFT Margate, from thy busy scenes I steal,
To seek the desert strand! the bleak winds roar!
There to the waves my sorrows I reveal,
And stalk thy penfive solitary shore.

From the rough billow tofs'd, the sea-bird soars,
Screaming aloft the raging ocean's foam:
Bursting the surcharg'd sky, destruction pours—
The ship-boy shrieks! still, still, I onward roam.

Borne by the gale, I hear the hopeless cry!
Hark! the distressing shot! no help is nigh:
They sink, they sink! beneath my anxious sight,
Descending to the watery realms of night.

Mark the poor struggling wretch, for precious life,
Cling to the scatter'd plank with eager strife!
Oh! heaven, save him! save him! in vain my cries!
Buried in the all-devouring wave, he dies.

Yet dauntless still, upon the wasteful shore,
I watch the surges mount the rocky steep;
Breaking, I hear them clash with frantic roar,
And fall in vanquish'd murmurs to the deep.

And as the senseless cliffs, with unmov'd pride,
The bluff'ring wave's ejective threats deride;
So, harden'd by stern Fate, disdainful I,
Each fruitless menace of the storm defy.

Thus, as I view the wild tremendous sea,
In awful beauty dress'd, amaz'd, I stand!
Yet far more charming is the scene to me,
Than all the sun-bright prospects of the land.

What's then the giddy ball to my sad heart,
Or joys that float around the midnight bowl?
Can they affliction drown,—relief impart,
Or yield kind comfort to my gloomy soul?

Oh, no! hence then, illusions vain! no more—
Deign *me* the desert strand—the pensive shore.

CLEORA AND THE BULLFINCH.

IN June, at eve, one fatal day,
Belov'd CLEORA stray'd away,
Unmindful where to roam
The blooming maid of sweet sixteen,
And 'clep'd by all fair Beauty's queen,
She left her parent's home.

Entic'd along the flow'ry mead,
Regardless where the path would lead,
She enter'd Cupid's grove;
Where little warblers tune their throats,
To mutual Love's responding notes,
Their blifs or pain to prove.

A Bullfinch sad among the rest,
With doleful pipe and heaving breast,
There fix'd its plaintive lay;
The pensive mourner settling by,
Engag'd CLEORA's pitying eye,
And thus it seem'd to say:—

Ah ! once like you, angelic maid,
Reflecting not that snares were laid,
In this alluring grove ;
“ I careless rov’d its sweets among,
“ And wak’d its echoes with my song,”
’Till taught by perjur’d Love.

A faithless mate in showy vest,
By Nature’s hand profusely drest,
Here wing’d his gaudy way :
He told his artful flatt’ring tale,
Seduc’d me down the flow’ry dale,
Ah, fatal ! fatal day !

Attun’d his pipe to strains of love,
Avow’d he’d ever constant prove,
’Till Death’s eventful hour ;
And thus in fleeting joys immur’d,
Our future happiness secur’d,
We chirp’d from flow’r to flow’r.

But soon the transient bliss was o’er,
The wand’rer sung of love no more,
Nor prais’d my plumage gay ;
But pluck’d in Pleasure’s lawless zest,
The choicest feather from my breast,
And fled, far, far away.

As thus the hapless warbler sung,
CLEORA's breast (with pity wrung)
Heav'd many a pond'rous sigh;
But little thought the weeping maid,
While thus in Sorrow's tears array'd,
Her own sad fate was nigh.

Then lifting up her tearful eyes,
Advancing quick a youth she spies,
With all a courtier's air;
In language soft— with graceful ease,
And self-enamour'd sure to please,
He thus address'd the fair.

Long, long, coy maid of modesty,
This heated heart has griev'd for thee,
Let truth my passion prove;
Come, let's repair to yonder shade,
Yon umbrage blest, for courtier's made,
Nor scorn my tale of love.

Begone, Sir, pray, return'd the nymph,
My father lives near yonder lymph,
Where mindful rushes grow;—
Thy dad's asleep, the tempter cry'd:
She falter'd—blush'd—but still replied,
I must not, cannot go.

If then, thou cruel, harden'd fair,
You thus refuse to hear my pray'r,
 Those eyes shall see me die ;
Yon mindful lymph shall be my bed,
Ah, there, I'll rest this wretched head,
 And end my misery.

CLEORA, hapless, wept, and sigh'd,
Consenting blushes strove to hide,
 But in Destruction's pow'r,
And yielded up to guilty Love,
She fell within the silent grove,
 The victim of an hour.

Twelve months she bore a harlot's name,
The pinch of want, the sport of shame,
 Her parent's home denied ;
" The bud of health forsook her cheek,
" Which er'ft could boast its purest streak,"
 And thus repining died.

M O R A L.

Learn hence, ye blooming virgins, and beware !
Scorn not the warning of a faithful friend ;
" Know *Ruin* lurks, where Flatt'ry lays his snare,"
 And shun CLEORA's base untimely end.

STANZAS

ON

THE RUINS OF THE PANTHEON.

ATTEND me, Grief! whilst o'er yon ruin'd space
My melancholy pensive footsteps tread;
Whilst many a vestige scatter'd round I trace,
Where fam'd Pantheon rais'd its lofty head.

How fallen Grandeur disregarded lies!
The fabric gone,—proud Mischief stalks elate;
Heap, pil'd on heap, the splendid atoms rise,
And mock the mimic hand of idle State.

Enchanting scenes! now levell'd with the ground,
Thy pleasing views no longer greet the eye;
The ear no more shall catch *ITALIA*'s sound.—
Thy bright allurements all extinguish'd lie.

Here softly quaver'd from *MORELLI*'s tongue,
Each dulcet strain, pour'd forth with potent sway;
Here *NEGRI* charm'd the vocal choir among,
And held the senses captive at her lay.

On that rude spot the flighty D'EGVILLE too,
His agile form display'd with magic art;
There vaulting HILLIGSBERG would spring to view,
And well perform no mean allotted part.

The dancers fled—the fingers vanish'd are,—
The harmony of CRAMER's band is o'er;
No quaint grimaces please the giggling fair,
Where gay Attraction, humbled, smiles no more.

Now, thro' thy rooms, prepar'd for midnight mask,
No fable *Domino* shall stalk demure;
No witty Punch assume his jocund task,
Nor Quacks for vapours minister a cure.

The footy link-boy with his torch in hand,
And voice uncouth, no longer bawls aloud;
In throngs, no footmen lac'd, insulting stand,
To sneer contempt upon the passing crowd.

Hush'd is each noise! no sound annoys the ear,
Of haughty chairmen, calling, room there, room;
No thund'ring voice that shakes the meek with fear,
Proclaims the fribbling Lord, or aping Groom.

Yet weep not, Muse, at yonder empty void,
Where, late admir'd, the magic temple stood;
Its grace perhaps the Power above destroy'd,
From care peculiar for a Nation's good.

Ye made-up groups, no more to vault in air, (F)
Enrich'd with many a spoil from Albion's store;
Your patches, rouge, pearl powder, teeth prepare,
And quit, light-heel'd, her lavish, plunder'd shore.

On you no more conceited beaus shall grin,
Become protectors of their native land;
Thy pliant limbs that oft applause would win,
No more shall caper from their tott'ring stand.

Quick then, depart from this ill-fated isle, (G)
Ye Signioras, Signiors, all farewell;
And, as ye pass, on English folly smile,
But secret keep what *shame* would blush to tell. (H)

Let fashion long lament the fatal flame,
And peace, thus gain'd, in tranquil weeds appear;
May every voice the banish'd race proclaim,
And Britain, still Britannia's title bear.

ELEGY

ON

*The sudden Departure of a FAMILY from a COUNTRY-HOUSE, where
they had resided many Years.*

FAIR rose the morn, in sunny vest array'd,
Nature sat smiling o'er the new-born day;
The glowing meads their richest gems display'd,
Beneath the splendour of bright Phœbus' ray.

When musing, SEDLEY, 'mid thy blooming flowers, (1)
Forgetful Pride appear'd with wand in hand; (x)
And scarce allow'd farewell, depart these bow'rs,
The despot cried, with pompous stern command.

Compell'd away! denied one poor cares,
Shades of my early youth! belov'd retreat;
I left thy groves, thy streams, thy dear recess,
Of tranquil solitude the peaceful seat.

Behold yon dome, with gothic walls around!
There late, for unassuming worth admir'd:
The generous host, with modest virtues crown'd,
Would seek repose, from worldly cares retir'd.

There blest, with matchless consort by his side,
The blissful, placid hours would glide away ;
Secure of children's love, the hamlet's pride,
Ador'd by all—the rich—the poor—the gay.

But now, alas ! ah, sad reverse of fate !
Flown are its charms, and each allurements gone,
The rustic stalks in silence past the gate,
And mourns its absent Lord, with stride forlorn.

The roof-decaying owl, her boding flight,
Prophetic sweeps along the gloomy plain ;
In search of some rude hole, remote from sight,
To fix her future solitary reign.

Stript of its pride, survey the naked lawn !
Where now the sportive throng of village fame,
Which late did thy deserted void adorn ?
The fairest offspring of the fairest dame !

Assembled there, the prattling infant crew
Would oft the day in harmless mirth employ ;
There would they skip, their jocund pranks renew,
Those pranks of youth, which never, never cloy.

There I too, once like them, in giddy play,
 “A thoughtless child, would sport amid thy bow’rs:”
Uncheck’d by cares, and innocently gay,
 Regardless of the fleeting happy hours.

Ye flow’ry meads, where oft I’ve toy’d along,
 And cull’d the violet blue—the primrose sweet,—
Where oft I’ve bask’d, thy od’rous scents among,
 My little heart with happiness replete.

This rose, which now exalts its musky head,
 And rich perfumes thus scatters in the air ;
A few short days may view for ever dead,
 Perhaps, ere long, a weed may sorrow there !

Yet fate forbid ! though now another’s boon,
 Unfullied may thy flow’rs, thy sweets remain ;
Which cold neglect might damp, alas ! too soon !
 And not a flow’r its wonted scent retain.

Robb’d of thy guard, I fear, lest some rude tread,
 May heedless crush thy tender frame’s so fair ;
Who now will watch around thy evening bed,
 And mark thy progress with a parent’s care ?

Ah, shades belov'd ! for ever lost, adieu !

Ye woods, ye streams, and silent, peaceful dell ;
Forbid by harsh decree, to gaze on you,
Scenes now, alas ! to be forgot,—farewell !

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE

AUTHOR'S BROTHER,

ON BEING APPOINTED, BY A PARTICULAR FRIEND, A WRITER
TO MADRAS.

EXULT, fond youth ! proclaim thy guardian's praise,
Implore him long, long life, and prosp'rous days ;
Attune thy reed, and sing to friendship true,
The noblest patron of the noble few !

O had I POPE's or DRYDEN's happy lyre,
To sound the merits of the generous Sire,
Who thus to Fortune's road has been thy guide ;
Has fill'd thy heart with joy, thy mind with pride ;
I'd rouse the *Muses Nine*, each vale should ring,
In concord join'd, each bard his worth should sing ;
Tune then thy reed, and sing to friendship true,
The noblest patron of the noble few !

Blest youth ! now *Fortune* with her gaudy wings
Around thee flutters, paints a thousand things—
Predicts the joys which pow'rful riches yield,
And all thy care is how the load to wield.

Gigs, phaetons, and nabob-chariot gay,
Before thy fancy dance in airy play :
Nor does one care thy future blifs annoy,
Rich in the thought, that pleasures never cloy ;
Thus may it prove, when wealth is in thy pow'r,
And nought occur to damp the festive hour.
But e'er you part from blest'd Britannia's shore,
And trust your passage to the golden oar,
To me, O youth, with list'ning ear attend,
Nor scorn the lesson of a faithful friend.
When fate shall land thee on fam'd India's coast,
Amid an unknown race, thy parents lost—
Thus left in youth thy conduct to direct,
On Life's grand stage, thy credit to erect,
Beware how thro' the stormy path of fame,
You steer aright your yet unblemish'd name ;
A father's pure example keep in view,
In every action just, to honor true.
Let virtuous thoughts each vacant hour employ,
And live thy father's pride, thy mother's joy.
And should progressive Time with cautious tread,
E'er place the ruling chaplet on thy head ;
Intwine the laurel wreaths around *thy* brow,
Bid India's sons to *thee* with rev'ence bow,—

And all combin'd, with general one accord,
Should hail thee *Governor*! their *mighty Lord*!
Then crown'd with pow'r— great int'rest at
command—

Should *Eastern Prince* thy services demand—
Present the glaring brilliant to thy fight,
To tempt thee to his cause, or base or right;
Reject the bribe, without one moment's thought,
For what corruption gains is dearly bought.
Tell the vain chief, you value virtue more
Than all the gems that grace his glitt'ring shore.
Then ev'ry voice your actions will applaud,
“ And prove that virtue is its own reward.”
Thus will you reign an honor to mankind,
And boast the brightest gem—a virtuous mind.

Farewell, then youth! to Heav'n's paternal care,
I yield thee up, with anxious fervent pray'r:—
Ye guardian Pow'rs! this *ELVE* fair, receive,
Beneath your guidance, let him prosp'rous live;
As yet unpolish'd in the wiles of Art,
No vice or stain pollutes his spotless heart;
Let not such flow'ret's meet an early doom,
Droop as they sprout, and wither as they bloom:—

But bid them flourish 'neath the sun's kind ray,
And scatter blossoms to eternal day.
Protect them o'er the sea's tempestuous roar,
And land them safe on India's fertile shore;
There let them thrive on her prolific bed,
And when o'er Eastern realms their fame has spread,
Perfected by the hand of Industry,
Unfading grace the Land of Liberty.

S T A N Z A S

ADDRESSED TO A

BRITISH OFFICER,

*Separated from his LADY, by the Fate of War, soon after the
NUPTIAL DAY.*

MY friend ! I've often heard thee say—
Were I encircl'd midst the fair,
(And *Paris*-like, on *Ida*'s mount)
To pass my judgment there.

A wife to choose— the maid should be,
One with mild attractive pow'r ;
To art unknown, of temper kind,
And form'd in Nature's smiling hour.

In manners gentle— chaste— and good—
Fortune has charms— but what care I ?
Affection, sense, and elegance,
Shall ev'ry other want supply.

The vain conceited Miss, I hate,
I love the girl from pride that's free ;
And Beauty's vision pleases more,
Adorn'd with sweet simplicity.

The model, thus complete, you view'd,
What gifts kind Fancy's pow'r bestow'd;
The idol kifs'd— the phantom spoke,
And fiction into life has glow'd.

Rejoice, rejoice, the prize admir'd
Is yours— the nuptial feast prolong,
Hymen, strike the festive lyre,
“ And sing aloud the bridal song.”

Yet, fate severe ! by cruel war,
Thus early torn from her you love !
But *Glory* is the soldier's care,
And you the soldier's worth shall prove.

Her heart, too, heaves the frequent sigh !
“ When will the sun (she hourly cries)
“ His tedious hate course, have done,
“ And Hesper wake the evening skies.”

But vanquish'd soon Britannia's foe,
Behold— ('tis thine) bright Honor's boon !
It shines around thy conq'ring brow,
And gilds a *second* honey-moon.

Then, blest return ! Cupid, sportive boy,
Again Love's path with roses strew ;
And as old Time unheard steals on,
Let friendship thus, their love renew.

'Till, when they view, to glad dull age,
An offspring dear their smiles employ,
Reflecting many an happy hour !
When nought disturb'd Youth's fleeting joy.

Contented rest— let mighty kings
The sceptre sway of empty bliss ;
A far more envied state is thine,
And *yours* the *crown* of happiness.

VERSES

ON A

B A D D A Y.

WHILST round my cot the rude winds blow,
Content I sit before my fire;
Nor does my soul a trouble know,
Whilst *they* in mournful plaints conspire.

Hous'd safe within this sweet retreat,
Ah! what's the tempest's roar to me?
To me, with every joy replete,
Endow'd with true felicity.

Whilst fullen sportsmen homeward haste,
My thoughts o'er peerless pleasures rove;
Unmindful of the dreary waste,
And feast upon the charms of love.

Ah! what's the hound's alluring cry,
Compar'd to lovely EMMA's voice?
Or, who, in seeing Reynard die,
Such bliss can boast, or blame my choice?

As now her bosom heaves the sigh,
And conscience pictures Cupid's dart;
I read confession in her eye,
Which speaks the language of her heart.

Engag'd in scenes of such delight,
The gloomy day has charms for me;
Nor could the aid of Sol's gay light,
Promote such pure felicity.

Rail on then, Boreas, what care I !
Whilst thus I view my love and fire;
What greater bliss beneath the sky,
Can God permit, or man desire !

THE
FLOWER AND THE INFANT.

WHEN first from Nature's pregnant bed
The tender flow'ret rears its head,
 To hail the genial morn;
It bends at every gentle gale,
And shrinks within Protection's pale,
 In feeble state forlorn.

But strengthen'd by the hand of Care,
With modest, yet majestic air,
 It fearless views the day;
Secure within the safe parterre,
Unconscious of surrounding fear,
 And courts the sun-beam's ray.

The tempest's rage no longer dreads,
Its fragrant sweets undaunted spreads,
 And mocks the Gard'ner's aid;
No presage threatens an early doom,
No wat'ry bed prepares a tomb,
 Of nought, it thrives, afraid.

While many a pleas'd admiring eye,
Behold its odours scent the sky,
Exhaling Nature's store ;
It grows, superior flowers among,
Its praises blown by many a tongue,
Are echo'd o'er and o'er.

Thus nurtur'd to Perfection's state,
Perhaps too soon eventful fate,
Bespreads his snare around ;
Some truant-boy, with mischief's eyes,
Now wanton views the gaudy prize,
And plucks it from the ground.

No more in roseate vest array'd,
In one short hour its blossoms fade,
Which glitter'd erst so gay ;
Its beauties flown, its fragrance gone,
He loaths its ruin'd state with scorn,
And throws the weed away.

Thus, by Creation's happy power's—
But, ah ! more helpless than the flower's,
The infant's state appears ;
Just usher'd into life distress'd,
It mourns, by secret woes oppress'd,
And clad in frequent tears.

In cradle rock'd, or mother's arms,
Awake to fancied Fear's alarms,
It starts at every sound;
But sooth'd its woes, and hush'd its cries,
With infant joy, and glad surprize,
It smiles and gazes round.

At length to riper days matur'd,
No more in nursery immur'd,
It spurns the hand-maid's care;
Like to the Spring's expanding flow'r,
That gathers strength from ev'ry show'r,
And braves the spoiler's snare.

Thus blooming forth in virgin state,
With blushing pride and heart elate,
She views the hopeful day;
While native beauty moulds her face,
And many a charm and many a grace,
Around the idol play.

But, ah! unskill'd in Vice's art,
Seduction wins her simple heart,
Allures her steps astray;
Some tempter points where pleasures reign,
Deceiv'd, she views the rosy plain,
And quits the thorny way.

His guilty passion tears approve !
To perjur'd vows of constant love,
 She falls an easy prey :
He steals bright Virtue's pearly gem,
Disgusted views the nauseous stem,
 And hurls the stalk away.

THE
SQUIRE'S RETURN TO HIS RETREAT.

HAIL ! sweet retirement, rural cot !
Ye violet banks, ye beds of flowers ;
Ambrosial shades— delightful spot !
Welcome, welcome, peaceful bowers.

From London's lures releas'd—farewell
The Masquerade, the Route, and Ball ;
Deign me but this secreted dell,
No more I'll tend to Pleasure's call.

No restless nights here rack my mind,
No tasteless joys the day devour ;
No entrance here does riot find,
To cloy the fleeting happy hour.

No morning knocks affail the door,
Announcing Fashion's num'rous train ;
The pamper'd porter waits no more,
To frown on Poverty disdain.

The sumptuous dinner smoaks no more,
Nor here the Gallic toast goes round;
No Democrats in frantic roar,
Fam'd Revolution's praise resound.

Re-echo'd through Pantheon's rooms,
No midnight call rebukes delay;—
Lord *Folly's* coach, and Lady *Bloom's*,
No longer stop the bustling way.

All here is still;— in this retreat,
No dissipation dares to rove;
Of blythe content the blissful seat,
And sacred to the purest love.

Here blushing ANNA tells her tale,
And sighs and looks the kindest things;
While Farmer Blunt applauds the ale,
Nor envy we the state of Kings.

When Phœbus first awakes the skies,
And swallows twitter o'er my head;
Refresh'd, from true repose I rise,
And quit compos'd my downy bed.

At eve the Shepherd's lute attend,
Reclin'd the fleecy flocks among ;
To PHILOMEL attentive bend,
And listen to her artless song.

Then soon retiring home to rest,
(Prepar'd the strawberry feast and cream)
I sink to sleep, completely blest,
Immur'd in soft Contentment's dream.

Thus, thus, the rosy minutes fly,
No care of life my bliss devours ;
O, mighty Pow'rs that dwell on high,
Prolong these happy, happy hours.

WRITTEN
ON ELWENA'S GRAVE.

NEAR yonder marble tomb, where Folly's name,
Exulting swells in pompous letter'd fame;
And stern Ambition's haughty sculptur'd verse,
The mould'ring inmates mighty deeds rehearse:—
The lost ELWENA sleeps! obscur'd her bed,
No vestige tells where rests her wretched head.
Poor, poor ELWENA! no memoir of thy date!
Nor weeping friend to mourn thy hapless fate!
But o'er thy grave, the *sombre*-seated Muse,
Shall forrowing, pensive strains diffuse;
Efface from memory the direful stain,
That soil'd thy virtue in its infant reign.—
I heard the bell which summon'd thy frail dust,
To seek its dark abode in trembling trust;
I saw thy bier too, careless borne along,
Amid the sneerings of th' unfeeling throng:
When scarce ere Pray'r or Common Service read,
Thy frame was cast unheeding with the dead;
There to repose, and wait in awful state,
The final sentence of its destin'd fate.—

Undone ELWENA ! accurs'd the mad desire,
That kindled in thy breast a mutual fire,
That thus entic'd thy willing steps astray,
To quit, for Pleasure's path, the thorny way :—
When, lur'd by Flattery, down the secret bower,
You fell the victim of a guilty hour ;
And, void of honor, virtue, sense, and shame,
Attach'd to lasting infamy your name.—
Yet o'er thy grave I'll drop some mindful tears,
For still this heart thy blasted worth reveres :
Each early morn, o'er thy neglected tomb,
I'll strew sweet flow'rets of the choicest bloom,
Cull'd from the spot which tempted thy disgrace,
And stole a ruby, *worlds* could ne'er replace :
For, jealous in that hour, I watch'd thy silent tread,
And view'd thee prostrate on the guilty bed :
Saw the proud tempter clasp thee in his arms,
And feast in rich delights thy lavish'd charms :
'Twas there, with Indignation's pow'r I strove,
And broke the bond of ill requited love.
Then sunk the prospect of a nuptial day ;
I curs'd my folly—tore myself away ;
Yet, sleep in peace ! forgiveness may'st thou prove,
Awak'd in blissful Paradise above.

SONNET I.

INVITED oft from Life's dull cares to rove,
On some rude precipice I take my stand ;
There fix'd reflecting on the Powers above,
I trace the wonders of Creation's hand.

Hush'd in their caves, the winds in silence sleep,
Phœbus illumes the mirth-inspiring day ;
As o'er the murm'ring whispers of the deep,
He darts in peaceful gleams his silver ray.

Rous'd, as by trumpet's sound, the winds arise,
The angry main assumes a frothy dress ;
The darken'd prospect wears a black disguise,
And all around is clad in wild distress !

Thus thoughtful on the wise Almighty's plan,
How vain and lowly seems the state of man.

SONNET II.

WHERE haughty Neptune heaves his troubled breast,
And the loud wind mourns o'er the ruffled wave;
On some lone beech, I take my stand, depreſs'd,
And soothe my sorrows o'er a wat'ry grave.

Or down the margin of some plaintive stream,
By Moon-light's solitary dawn I rove;
Watch, playing on the brook, pale CYNTHIA's beam,
And contemplate in hopeleſs thought, my love.

Or, wand'ring o'er the dreary midnight plain,
To some far ivy-colour'd tow'r I stray;
Where the dark screech-owl holds his diſmal reign,
And the black raven wings his boding way.

Yes, yes, theſe gloomy ſcenes to *my* ſad heart,
Yield precious balm, and kind relief impart.

SONNET III.

THE night was dark, the tempest howl'd around,
The maniac sea in loud tremendous roar ;
Rag'd wild distress, with noise profound,
And dash'd its torrents 'gainst the rocky shore.

The Moon was driven, vanquish'd from her reign,
The dreadful thunder burst from on high ;
The lightning darted o'er the distant plain,
And shew'd the horrors of the frightful sky.

Nor aught was heard ! save now and then the scream
Of shipwreck'd mortals, sinking to their grave ;
Save the dull owl that mop'd its doleful theme,
And the sad murmur of the mourning wave.

'Twas then upon the batter'd beach I stood,
And watch'd the motions of the raving flood.

SONNET IV.

ON A

DISTANT VIEW OF HARROW SCHOOL.

Written at Windsor.

HAIL ! sweet remembrancer of former days,
Thou kind reflector of my early youth ;
Beneath whose learned roof I fought for praise,
And trod the way to knowledge and to truth.

Alas ! ye hills, ye dales, dear haunts of play !
Ye social walks within yon sacred bow'r, (L)
Where oft I pictur'd many a happy day,
And drew false prospects of the future hour !

Where now those friends that swore eternal love,
Those ties which bound our blended souls in one ;
Those vows, then made sincerity to prove,
E'er vice or pride to sway the heart begun ?

Gone are those friends—like visions now they seem,
And nought remains but Life's delusive dream.

SONNET V.

WRITTEN

ON THE CLIFF, BEFORE HOLLAND-HOUSE,
IN KENT.

ON some lov'd margin of the dreadful deep,
Where shipwreck'd fragments mark the naked way;
Beneath whose rude tremendous hanging steep,
Bemoaning sea-birds soar in wild dismay:—

And (burst'd from their lone-conceal'd recess)
The furling winds contending howl along,
O'er the dark waves now foaming mad distress,
Whose dashing threats resound the rocks among:—

And tell triumphant to the list'ning ear,
The fate of some deserted vessel's crew;
Whilst angry surges sad distinction bear,
As many a storm-left vestige floats to view.

There, there, my destin'd steps delight to stray,
And court the gloom of black November's day.

SONNET VI.

DEAR infancy,— blest period of my days !

When youth's gay scene was spread with careles
When Peace presided o'er my blisful lays, [flow'rs,
“ A child belov'd !— ah, happy, happy hours !”

That ne'er returns, past season of the year !

And O, false hope, that smil'd to grateful view ;
That oft would dry the troubled school-boy's tear,
And o'er the distant plain Life's sweets would strew.

Scattering, wanton, round, that ne'er would cloy,

A *thousand* pleasures waiting Manhood's day ;
Where now those views of joy, succeeding joy,
Delights subservient to the passions' sway !

Those prospects bright—those joys of life are o'er,
And vain delusion flatters now no more.

SONNET VII.

SAVILLON

TAKING LEAVE OF ROUBIGNE'S RETREAT.

From the Tale of Julia de Roubigne. (M)

AH, blest retreat ! thy shades compell'd to leave,
Thy grots, thy streams, and paths of rosy hue ;
Sweet flow'rs— no more the garland gay to weave,
Sad mirrors of my happier hours, adieu !

The untrodden glade, to love and virtue dear ! (N)
To friendship sacred, and the fleecy throng ;
Where blest SAVILLON pass'd his infant year,
And JULIA listen'd to the shepherd's song.

Oh ! Mem'ry unkind ! such scenes thy pow'rs renew,
Such walks, such thoughts, such blisful days pour-
That youth repines, where happy childhood grew, [tray,
And looks regardless on Life's future day.

Dreams o'er the past, its many joys to prove,
And tells me *Friendship* was the voice of *Love*.

SONNET VIII.

JULIA

WATERING THE FLOWERS, WHICH SAVILLON HAD PLANTED,
WITH HER TEARS.

From the same. (0)

SECRETED objects of my constant care !
I watch'd thee rising from thy bed of earth ;
Thy odours mark'd perfume the breezy air—
Ah ! plunder'd from the hand that gave them birth.

Thy blushes glowing on my virgin cheek,
Love's fatal passion to my heart reveal'd ;
But, ah ! thy fate sad presage seems to speak,
Methinks some cruel danger lurks conceal'd.

Bow'd down beneath rude Autumn's yellow blight,
Gone are thy blossoms, and thy beauties o'er ;
Dark Winter dooms thee to eternal night,
May's transitory smile to grace no more.

Yet nurtur'd by a Guardian JULIA's tear,
Thy forms shall live, reviving with the year.

SONNET IX.

SAVILLON

CONTEMPLATING THE HARDSHIPS OF SLAVERY.

From the same.

THE tortur'd Slave, in bondage born to die,
Torn weeping, frantic, from his native shore ;
Looks forward from the brink of misery,
As loud he hears the fullen waters roar.

To Night's still moon he silent tells his grief,
Shakes in despair Oppression's galling chain ;
And meditates escape— implores relief—
But, oh ! he meditates— implores in vain !

On no soft breast his sufferings find repose,
But, ah, fond hope ! he still has life in thee ;
Pictures a period to successive woes,
Nor dreams, alas ! of endless slavery.

Yet light to *him* thy many hardships prove,
Who mourns the wound of secret, untold love.

SONNET X.

SAVILLON

ON THE DEATH OF HIS FRIEND BEAUVARIS.

From the same.

OH, Hope deceitful ! while o'er distant seas,
Thy faded blossoms to the senses bloom ;
Death, heedless fleets along the moaning breeze,
And haggard Poverty prepares a tomb. (P)

Lamented worth of Friendship's early hour !
An heart was thine— to pity sacred, and to truth
The soother kind of Love's corroding power, [sincere:
And pure asylum of Affliction's tear.

As quits the pressure of Life's stormy night,
The man, whose secret loss no friends deplore ;
So sinks thy excellence from earthly fight,
Remember'd by an haughty world no more.

But the bright emblem shall SAVILLON save,
And snatch thy virtues from Oblivion's grave.

SONNET XI.

JULIA

WEeping OVER THE PICTURE OF SAVILLON.

From the same.

DEAR, cherish'd image of my childish love !
Or, Friendship's vision, shall I call it thine ?
Ah, fond resemblance ! can reflection prove,
That *childish* love, and friendship, still are mine ?

In JULIA's bosom is it guilt to lie ?
On thy pale cheek to drop a thoughtful tear—
From the wet glass to wipe the misty sigh—
O Prudence, dictate to my doubtful ear.

Another's wife ! SAVILLON, in one look,
The sacred tie of wedlock do I break ?
Like the sick swain, that views the moony brook,
'Tis but a momentary glance I take.

Yes, Honor frowns—but come, propitious shine,
Hence, Virtue, and MONTAUBAN, I am thine.

SONNET XII.

SAVILLON

PROCURES A LAST INTERVIEW WITH JULIA, AND DETERMINES ON
LEAVING HIS NATIVE COUNTRY FOR EVER.

From the same.

FAR from the smile of Titan's cheering ray,
'Cross the Atlantic shall SAVILLON rove;
There seek some solitude—to grief a prey—
“ The wretched martyr of unhappy love.”

Ah, JULIA! JULIA! each visionary joy,
Of Love's lorn hope, Life's darker clouds dispel;
Riches no more my anxious thoughts employ,
Dear plans of worldly happiness, farewell!

On calm Religion's prop reclin'd at last,
I'll drown affliction with futurity;
Like the poor maniac fool, forget the past,
Weave my straw crown, and laugh at misery.

Thus the wreck'd vessel, by the tempest tost,
Mocks the mad wave, when ev'ry hope is lost.

SONNET XIII.

MONTAUBAN

MEDITATING THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE JULIA.

From the same. (Q)

AWAY, away, the joys of foolish love !

This injur'd breast no more the sigh shall heave ;
Honor directs— and Justice from above,

O, tell me, should the guilty JULIA live ?

Curs'd jealousy ! doubts like visions seem—

While in a husband's arms carefs'd she lies ;
SAVILLON revels in the wanton dream,
The picture too ?— resolv'd, resolv'd,— she dies.

Her trembling hand the fatal cup receives—

Down, down my senses to their destin'd hell ;
Now to her lip— MONTAUBAN's health she breathes ;
She drinks ! she drinks ! the deed is done, farewell !

Rewarded now, my high revengeful soul,
Gluts its proud passion o'er the poison'd bowl.

SONNET XIV.

JULIA,

IN HER LAST LETTER TO MARIA. (R)

From the same.

FAREWEL, MARIA! on Life's dull chequer'd shore,
For *thee* may many a spring its sweets renew;
To *me* her vernal joys return no more,—
Loft, loft SAVILLON, and the world, adieu!

“ Oh! name for ever sad, for ever dear!”

In JULIA's latest breath thy accents live;
But soon the heavy sigh, the struggling tear,
Their pangs to memory shall cease to give.

Wild madness seizes on my troubled brain!—

Big horrors warn me of approaching fate;
Poor sick SAVILLON joins the funeral train,
“ As now I enter Death's dark gate,”

Prostrate he lays upon my midnight cell,
He raves, he storms, distraction! death! farewell!!!

SAVILLON

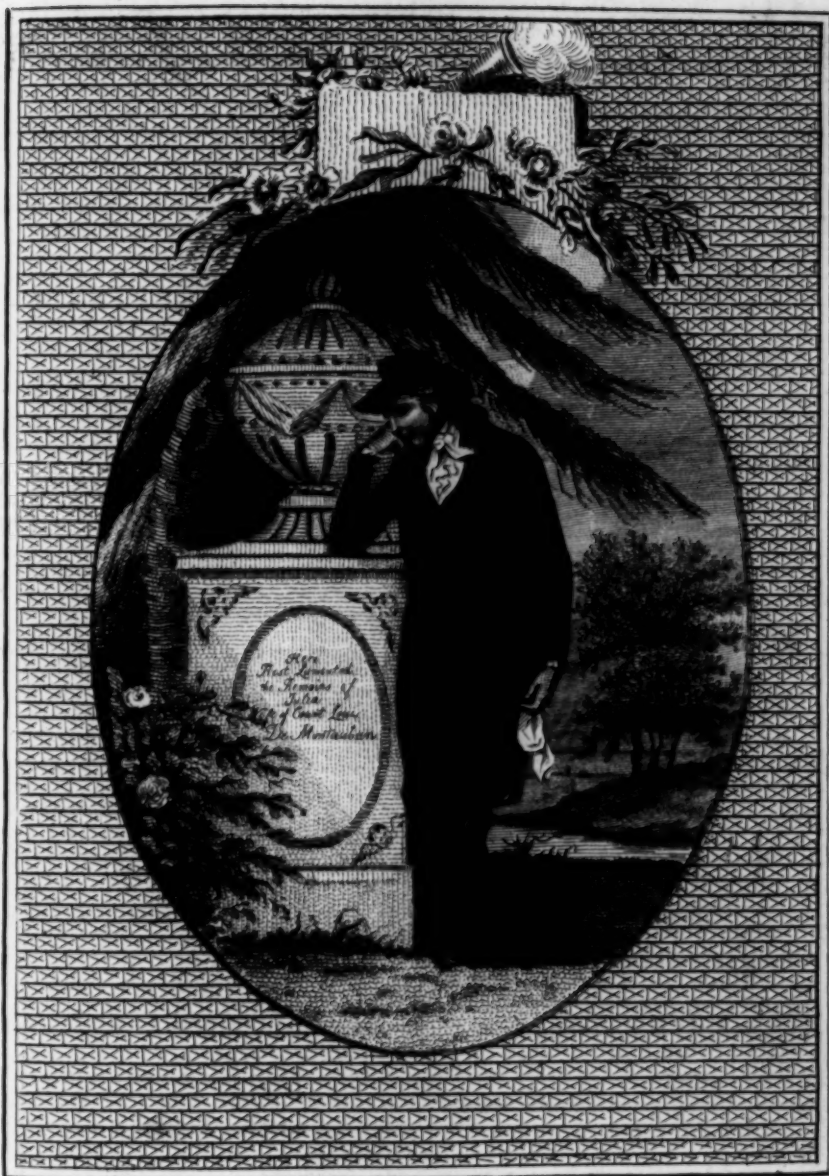
AT THE
TOMB OF JULIA. (S)

COME ye, whose gloomy thoughts thro' darkness
Whose fated steps pursue the track of woe; [rove,
Ye hearts, yet burning with the flame of love,
Here heal with grief the wound of Mis'ry's blow.

Come, stalk with me, along this vaulted roof,
Where slumb'ring rest beneath the silent dead;
Here fix your tenement, a sacred proof,
That Sorrow reigns the partner of your bed.

Ye youth! whoe'er a JULIA's love could boast—
Stript in the budding blow of early bloom!
Here hold your converse with the nightly ghost,
Which Fancy issues from this honor'd tomb.

Hence from the couch that courts the lover's lay,
On this cold stone I'll fix my drear abode;
Where no fond Cupids sport in wanton play,
Or pleasures ease me from Affliction's load.



J. Cruikshank del

Author Invent

B. Reading Sculp

On this cold stone I'll fix my dearest abode!



Here will I quaff the cup of baleful grief,
And swill, in copious drafts, luxurious woe ;
Here from the sleeping dead I'll claim relief,
And as the dew-drop falls, *my* tears shall flow.

Each morn this spot with roses will I strew,—
This sculptur'd bust shall be my lonely guest ;
By moonlight here I'll sit, beneath this Yew,
And woo the sting of sorrow to my breast.

Yea, here my steps shall cease their wearied roam,
And stalk in sable Melancholy's train ;
Oft shall they press with grief this hallow'd tomb,
And sound these echoing vaults in plaintive strain.

Here by this urn my head shall seek repose,
And lull to balmy rest these grief-swoln eyes ;
Here shall my sorrow sleep, forgot my woes,
'Till Death shall lay me, where my JULIA lies.

MARIA,
AN ELEGY,

FOUNDED ON AN INSCRIPTION, IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THIS wasted frame, this breast that heaves the sigh,
Adown this visage pale, the tears that flow ;
This head which long in rest has ceas'd to lie,
Profess a heart, no stranger sure to woe.

Ah ! long this breast has sorrow doom'd to pain,
And oft to pant beneath Affliction's load ;
In vain these limbs have strove new strength to gain,
To find relief within their lost abode.

And long too, Melancholy, sable guest,
Here woo'd, has fix'd her grief devoted reign ;
And lur'd my footsteps from the path of rest,
To join her pensive solitary train.

And long these eyes, thro' darkness doom'd to rove,
Have banish'd from their sight the Sun's glad beam ;
And floating down the moon-light tide of love,
Have read each sorrow in the limpid stream.

Oft too, by night, they've fought the church-yard
To soothe their sorrows at MARIA's shrine; [dear,
And, dropping o'er her bed the balmy tear,
Have bath'd the sod where Beauty sleeps divine.

Then musing pensive on the sculptur'd bust,
Which breathes in letter'd traits her matchless fame;
How have they lav'd with Pity's dew the dust,
That kindred, mingles with her mould'ring frame!

Ah! ne'er a fairer face! a purer mind!
Did Virtue form, or Nature's hand engrave;
Ah! ne'er such sense, with *beauty* was combin'd—
Heav'n ne'er before such worth to mortal gave.

But to Love's tale, an harmless ear she lent,
To perjur'd man, she listen'd and believ'd;
Nor scarce had tasted vice, when sore repent,
Her bosom pierc'd, too late, alas! deceiv'd.

Heav'n thus witnessing her child's disgrace,
Her peace thus slain by man's regardless hand;
It soon recall'd her to her native place,
By Angels beckon'd from Corruption's land.

And there, MARIA ! may'st thou find repose,
And happy, blest eternity enjoy :
There may thy burthen'd soul (reliev'd its woes)
True pleasure prove, and nought its rest annoy.

Oh, there, may this fond heart from torture cease,
And join'd with thine, forget its every grief ;
For you *alone*, its sorrows can appease—
For you *alone*, can yield this heart relief !

THE
BRITISH PRISONER,
AT SERINGAPATAM.

*Written during the late War with TIPPOO SULTAN, when LORD
CORNWALLIS was supposed to be on his march to the Capital of this
EASTERN PRINCE.*

WITHIN these senseless walls of stone,
A wretched Captive doom'd to moan,
Beneath a Monster's sway ;—
Oh, tell me, Hope, if e'er again,
Thy prosp'rous rays will soothe my pain,
And lead to life the way ?

Ye flow'ry fields of Albion's shore,
O, shall I ne'er behold thee more,
Nor hail my native land ?
Ah ! like the slave of Afric's coast,
To dearest friends and country lost,
I view the distant strand.

Every hour fresh terror brings,
Death with all its goading stings,
Oppress the mind with fear ;
Perhaps, e'en now in torment state,
Some hapless Christian meets his fate,
Extorting many a tear.

O Prefage kind, *my* fate unroll—
Is it by rope, or poison'd bowl,
 A wretch is doom'd to die?
Or does the Tyrant's will ordain,
His victim, mangled, to sustain
 A life of misery?

Sad emblems of my future fate,
What forms of death my fancy wait,
 Within this lonely cell!
Now issued forth the dire decree—
Methinks I hear the Tyrant's plea,
 Revenge! Revenge!—farewell!

Yet, hark!— the trumpet's shout I hear—
Victory! Victory! greets the ear—
 'Twas Britain's voice I heard;—
See, see, the Tyrant Monster's dead,
The brave *Cornwallis* bears his head,
 Amid the vanquish'd herd.

Meadows, behold, unknown to dread,
His laurels waving o'er the dead,
 With reeking spear in hand;
Whilst many a Chief, by vengeance slain,
Expiring swells the crimson plain,
 A debt to Albion's land.

The deeds this day by Britons won,
Shall gild each morning's rising sun,
 More splendid for his rays ;
Humanity with-holds her tear,
No tortur'd deaths affright the ear,
 Or kindred sorrow raise.

Blest hour ! that decks with Conquest's name,
Th' historic page of England's fame,
 And life restores to me ;—
Such honors gain'd by warfare's broil,
Embalms the sons of Albion's foil,
 Examples to posterity.

TRIBUTARY LINES,
ON THE ARRIVAL OF
MARQUIS CORNWALLIS,
FROM INDIA.

THRICE welcome Champion to your native isle :
The trumpet shouts applause,— the people smile—
Accept, O Chief belov'd, the Nation's kisses,
Return with mutual joy their happiness.—
Tho' India's sons in tribes their loss deplore,
The *Island's* happy children weep no more.

On Albion's cliff was heard the mournful tale,
(There wafted by some sympathizing gale)
How groups sat thoughtful on the Eastern shore,
And anxious watch'd the gloom-inspiring oar,
That forc'd from Friendship's arms the man rever'd,
As thro' repelling waves, a course it steer'd :
When (safe on board) the parting swallow heav'd a
 sigh, (T)

Long may he live ! God bless him ! was the blended cry.
While flow'd adown each cheek the gen'rous tear,
That silent testified the heart sincere ;

Sorrows burst, frantic, from the moaning deep,
And Pity rous'd the surge— beat rocks to weep ;
While from their lofty tops in dismal reign,
The wretched sea-bird pour'd his plaintive strain,
'Till the far fail, upon the ocean tost,
A farewell bow'd— and ev'ry hope was lost.

On Hiss'ry's sacred leaf shall live *that* day,
When Britain's flag, in mild triumphant play,
'Mid TIPPoo's vanquish'd troop its vict'ry told,
Demanding *Justice* from the Tyrant bold ;
When England's Chief compell'd the treaty sign'd,
And taught submission to his haughty mind ;
That day which India's broken rest restor'd,
And sheath'd, in peace approv'd, the Lion's sword :—
Proud fragments scatt'ring from the Sultan's plain,
The ruin'd emblems of Britannia's gain ;
On which her sons shall rise to brighter fame,
And bless with thanks, their Indian-Saviour's name.

No cringing flatterer is *He*, who now
In humble verse around thy martial brow,
(No easy task) the blushing garland twines,
Where Britain's glorious sun immortal shines ;
Let *others* deck with *gems* the warrior's crown,
Enough for *me*, the simple wreath to own,

Which shows more grateful to his noble view,
When Nature proves the modest off'ring true.
But, when in Death's soft sleep the bashful ear,
No more the din of Eulogy can fear;
When, full of years, remov'd by Heav'n's decree
To happier regions of eternity!
Then will a *Pope* arise, and o'er the tomb
Thy warlike deeds, and private worth shall bloom,
On record shine— admir'd by distant age,
And gild with splendid truth the Poet's page.

VERSES

ON THE DREADFUL FIRE, AT RATCLIFFE.

ATTEND, oh Grief ! be thou my penfive guide,
Thro' the dark scene and defolation wide ;
Where RATCLIFFE's ashes scent the murky air,
And loud is heard the figh of deep despair.
What havoc marks the rude obftructed way,
Where Mifchief unappall'd extends her fway !
Yon reeking pile behold ! the ruin'd fpot,
Where lately ftood the Peafant's humble cot ;
There Induftry had plac'd its downy bed,
And rais'd a pillow for the weary head.
(Still flatter'd with the hopes of precious life)
The worn-out hufband, and the fickly wife,
Endeav'ring to fecure their flender all,
Lie crush'd beneath the roof's tremendous fall !
Whilst unalarm'd the milky fource it prefs'd,
The tortur'd babe finks screaming from the breaft ;
Torn from the tafk of foft parental care,
The mother fhrieks, and frantic, rends her hair ;
Her boasted, only pride— the father's joy—
'Mid the fierce flames behold their darling boy ;

Ah ! what avail the wretched parents' cries—
Disfigur'd, loft, a parch'd up corpse he lies !—
There raves the son distracted thro' the fire,
Imploring mercy for his aged Sire ;
Here ragged orphans, thro' the fragments creep,
Their kindred trace, and o'er their parents weep.—
The virgin gone; to death an early prey—
To morrow's sun had bless'd the bridal day;
See, see the swain, to virtuous passion true,
Her frame unfolds, and bids a last adieu.
In vain for *him* the voice of comfort cries,
For *him* no more a happy morn shall rise.
Hark ! bursting from the mournful widow'd train,
What groans are heard along the troubled plain !
The bell tolls forth ! ah ! number'd with the dead,
Is *she* who us'd to prop the sorrowing head :—
Who now will guard the unprotected poor,
“ And yield a pittance from their ample store ? ”
Ye tribes reliev'd,— to you these rites belong—
Strike the sad lyre, and sound the fun'ral song ;
While o'er her grave, to grace the solemn hour,
The *Stranger* weeps— a test of Virtue's power !
Ah ! many more in rueful, black array,
Will long lament the inauspicious day,

That o'er sweet Concord spread its awful gloom,
And sentenc'd Friendship to a silent tomb.
Shall painful Mem'ry then, unheard deplore
The fate of dearest relatives no more?
Can Britain's genuine sons unmov'd, behold
These dismal scenes the Muse has feebly told,
And yet deny a tributary tear,
To deck the good man's hearse— the infant's bier?
Still further does their gen'rous bounty flow,
To stem the torrent of surrounding woe;
As when suspended from the drooping rose,
With weight o'erwhelm'd the modest dew-drop flows,
Reviv'd beneath Sol's transitory ray,
More bright it glitters to the dreary day.
So falls untutor'd, from the furcharg'd eye,
The balmy tear of British sympathy:
And claims relation to the chrystal flower,
When sacred *Charity* bestows the dower.

L I N E S

TO A

YOUNG LADY,

(UNDER MISFORTUNES) ON HER BIRTH-DAY, WITH THE PRESENT
OF A POCKET BOOK.

ELIZA, dear! this mindful day
Gave birth to thee— I think they say—
Take then this trifle;— let it prove
A token of eternal love.
That love, which constant, pure, and true,
My sacred bosom early knew.
When Fortune frown'd around thy bed,
And Life's endearing sweets were fled,
Then first I felt Affection's pow'r,
And view'd thee like a blighted flow'r,
Just sunk beneath the cruel storm,
And plunder'd of its graceful form!
No more in brilliant fair array,
To emulate the gifts of May.
But Phœbus still shall prop the stem,
Tho' robb'd of Admiration's gem.

Oh, may he ne'er deny his rays,
But gild with peace thy future days :
May genuine blifs each hour beguile,
And virtue live in Wisdom's smile :
Still Life's misfortunes be forgot,
And blest contentment e'er thy lot.

ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR,
FROM G. W. ESQ.

WHEN first the snow-drop rears its infant head,
By rural mildness nurtur'd in the mead,
Left some rude breeze its tender bloom confound,
It bends in modest meekness to the ground:
Improv'd in vigor, and matur'd by age,
Fearless it views the tempest's transient rage,
Courts unabash'd the sun's all genial ray,
And spreads its brightest beauties to the day.
So the first efforts of thy modest worth,
In humble chasteness push its blossoms forth:
Untry'd those pow'rs which Nature form'd to please,
They droop and tremble at the slightest breeze.—
By judgment ripen'd—the first trial past,
Boldly they'll brave the rudest Critic blast,
Burst forth in beauty like ethereal light,
And strike with peerless tints th' astonish'd sight.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

O, STREPHON ! attune thy soft reed,
To accents more cheerful and gay ;
Too much hast thou made the heart bleed,
Too oft has it wept at thy lay.—

Ah ! cease for LOUISA the tear,
Ah ! cease for MARIA to mourn ;
Nor waste in the spring of thy year,
Those hours which can never return.

Go join the brisk dance on the green,
Attend the gay nightingale's song ;—
See, Health presides over the scene,
See, Pleasure enlivens the throng.—

Go, taste the rich juice of the vine,
Of innocent mirth be the guest ;
Thy wit shall give zest to the wine,
Thy good humour shall season the jest.

LETTER

TO A

KENTISH FARMER,

WITH

AN EPITAPH.

SIR,

BEING in your neighbourhood a few days ago, when taking an evening's walk, I happened to stroll into Footscray Church-yard.—Led into a train of thinking, occasioned by the solemnity of the scene, and, contemplating the transitory, uncertain state of this world, together with the many ups and downs attendant on man in his passage through life; among other circumstances which struck my imagination, a yew-tree, very neatly fenced round with white railing, was one, not the least attended to; and being informed, (upon enquiry) by a person who was just then passing near the place, that it was the spot, where, (when it pleased God to deprive your friends of the pleasure which your society affords them) you design your remains shall be deposited: I was a good deal

interested at the intelligence, and questioned the stranger further as to the character of JOHN T——, and finding it agreeable to my expectations, I reclined upon an opposite bust, (having the back of a letter, with a pencil in my pocket) and wrote the inclosed Epitaph, supposing at the instant, the event to have occurred; though, I hope the time (when the subject which gave rise to the lines in question shall be verified) is yet at a distant period.

The transcript therefore, which I have been induced to send you, proceeds merely from a desire to testify the estimation in which you are held by some people, and not from an idea that any merit (save that of regard) is attached to the performance.

I remain, Sir,

LONDON, *May 10, 1791.*

Yours, &c. &c.

EPITAPH. (v)

LAMENTED, here, beneath this yew-tree's shade,
The height of human excellence is laid :
Tho' wealth, tho' honors, smil'd not on his birth,
Him few could equal— *none* surpass in worth;
Blameless, he travers'd Life's intricate ways,
And left his actions to his Maker's praise !
Weep, then ye, who worth, who virtue prize,
For worth with virtue here congenial lies.
Yet slumb'ring only rests his guiltless head,
Awak'd, again, he'll quit this earthly bed ;
When the high Lord his mighty trump shall sound,
He'll soar to Heav'n, where the just are crown'd !
Ye then who read, and hope for Virtue's fame,
Pursue his steps— revere his righteous name.

(Signed)

A PASSER-BY.

EPITAPH,

ON THE AUTHOR'S SISTER.

DID Friendship's tear— fair Virtue's pow'r—

Did Beauty's grace, or fond parental care,
Avail in Death's afflicting hour:—

No test would here the mournful truth declare,
How vain, how short's the youthful virgin's bloom !
How often destin'd to an early tomb !

LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF

THOMAS R—MB——D, ESQ.

*Who died of a FEVER, in the Twenty-third Year of his Age, lamented
and beloved. Written by an impartial Admirer of his departed Worth.*

OH, Memory ! just mirror of the past,
When joys are flown, and only sorrows last ;—
If e'er a tribute at thy shrine was due,
To modest Worth— to Pity— or to Genius true ;
O'er lost, lamented R—MB——D's silent urn,
Thy sacred gifts shall unextinguish'd burn :
Kind youth ! to thee belongs the pearly boon,
(Snatch'd from a weeping world, alas ! too soon)
And, ah ! how bright the gem which *strangers* shed,
O'er the poor relics of the virtuous dead !
No tongue I need thy qualities to prove—
I read thy list of virtues in a parent's love,—
A Mother's Husband and a Sister's Sire !
These light the Muses' sympathetic fire ;

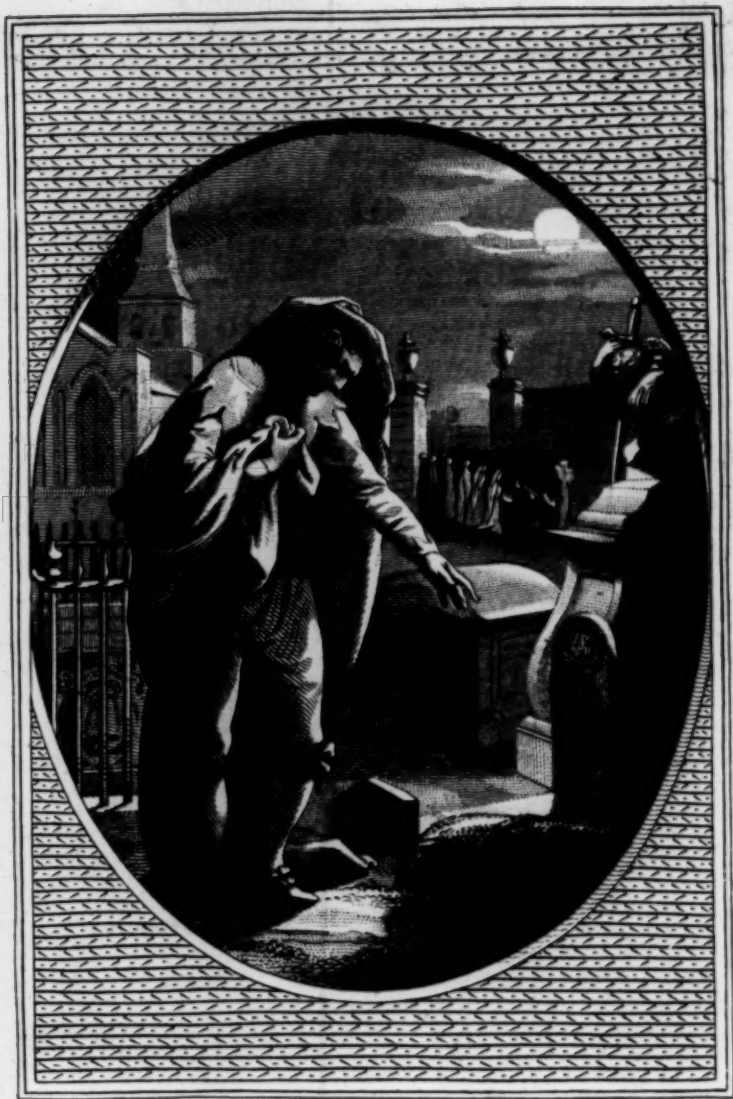
No art was thine, except the art to please ;
No less'ning vice— so candid Justice says :
O ye, who knew that Son the Almighty gave,
There, view him, bearing to an early grave !
Go mingle dirges with the dismal train,
And chant his worth— “ ah ! never to return
again ! ”

See, a fond Sister's fair religious tear,
Wets the lov'd dust, and bathes the funeral bier !
Ah, thence glad parents learn, ere yet too late,
Of mortal happiness how vain's the state ;
How soon are humbled those, who, of their sons are
proud,

How soon is each perfection buried in the shroud !
How dearest wishes fail— are chang'd to grief—
Then seek the widow's couch with calm relief ;
And say— howe'er the prosp'rous blessings can,
No *earthly* bliss e'er recompens'd the cares of man ;
O say, the child, her sobs, her sighs bemoan,
Quits a stain'd land to grace his Maker's throne ;
But, ah ! too recent yet, the tender sore,
Dreads the soft touch, when comfort is no more ;
Let Time, best balm for ev'ry human woe,
Assuage those pangs, the sufferers only know ;

While Resignation's pow'rs their aid shall give,
With hopes, that after death, the righteous live:
Lo ! his pure spirit, lifted up on high,
Smiles thro' the realms of Immortality!
Wipes from each kindred cheek Affliction's drop,
And substitutes the faithful Christian's prop.





C. R. Ryley Del. Author Invented. Noble Sculpy

And there the Infant sleeps within the tomb,
 Ere scarce he'd sip'd the care-mix'd drop of life;
 Here too the Husband meets an early doom!
 And here forgotten rests the virtuous Wife!

VERSES

ON

A CHURCH-YARD, AT MOON-LIGHT.

BE calm, my thoughts, whilst thro' this mansion
In pensive meditation lost I stray; [dread,
Whilst thro' these dreary regions of the dead,
With pausing step I take my lonely way.

How fair the Moon! majestic Queen of Night!
Enthron'd on high, amid her starry train;
How awful gleams her silver orb of light,
Thro' these sad haunts of solitary reign!

What stillness dwells the solemn scene around!
O'er these dark tenements of silent rest;
What fears and doubts my wand'ring soul confound!
Alas! what terrors croud within my breast!

Ah! grave! thou dread, yet sure abode of all;
Thou final bar to heedless man's career;
The monarch and the slave must tend *thy* call,
Alike each trembles at thy name with fear.

No *royal* pillow here awaits the head,
Nor here repose the limbs the stately chair;
All herd together in one common bed,
Alike the *Beggar's* and the *Prince's* fare.

What now avail Ambition's fleeting charms,
The star-deck'd vest—the showy titled car;
The grave, each inmate of his pride disarms,
When conq'ring Death extends his massy bar.

Where now the pride which gilds this sculptur'd bust,
That tells in pompous traits the warrior's fame?
His bones and deeds lay mould'ring with the dust,
Here fall his honors, and here dies his name. (v)

Where now the arm that hurl'd the well-aim'd dart,
And gleam'd its threat'ning terrors o'er the land?
The fatal spear which pierc'd the dauntless heart,
Now lies unbrandish'd by his nerveless hand.

And here the *Statesman* rests, for sense renown'd,
No more the patriot listens to his laws;
Here lies his worth entomb'd within the ground,
Nor echoes now his voice in Freedom's cause.

And there the *Infant* sleeps within the tomb,
Ere scarce he'd sip'd the care-mix'd drop of life;
Here too, the husband meets an early doom!
And here, forgotten, rests the virtuous wife!

Mingled together, disregarded lie,
The husband, wife, child, monarch, and the slave;
At Death's command all pride, all honors die,
Nor lives distinction in the humble grave.

Alas! ye tenants of these darksome cells,
Can't tell, if lasting sleep your eyelids close?—
If in thy caverns *happiness* e'er dwells,
Do ye not dream, or wakeless here repose?

For why, if here, Life's many troubles end,
Should man thus dread Death's summons to obey?
Why not impute his messenger a friend,
That pitying warns him to his native clay?

But there's the doubt that stops my soul's career,
And bids it from a fruitless travel cease;
In vain it strives the mazy course to steer,
For wand'ring as it soars, the mists increase.

Quit then, my toilsome steps, this hallow'd ground,
Nor from your mark'd-out bounds unheeding stray;
No longer stalk in vain these tombs around,
But homeward from the dead, re-seek your way.

Nor hence, my lawless soul, your flight betake,
On dusky pinions thro' the darken'd sky;
Bend not your course (intelligence to make)
Thro' night, alas! unknowing where to fly!

Dwell, then, sweet peace, within this sacred *fane*;
Thus undisturb'd ye manes, forgotten rest;
Let not this hidden secret rack my brain,
'Till Death reveals it to my anxious breast.

THE
COTTAGE IN THE VALE.

BLEST Cottage, hail !
In peaceful vale,
Of ev'ry joy possess'd ;
Where nature sports,
Retir'd from courts,
And gives to life a zest.

Soft glides each hour
Thro' thy sweet bow'r,
Nor chides the Sun's delay ;
But shines too soon
The silv'ry Moon,
To mourn departed day.

Hail ! calm retreat !
True Wisdom's seat !
Unknown to Folly's train :
From vices free,
Content there see,
Has fix'd her favor'd reign.

J—NS—N to you,
The bard is true,
Who sings thy worth to raise;
Who tunes his lyre,
O, happy Sire,
To found thy Confort's praise.

For what can be,
More blythe to see,
Fond parents *sans* despair;
As sweet they sip,
From children's lip,
The kiss uncloy'd by care.

Envious state!
The haughty Great
Must yield the prize to thee;
Nor search in vain
The Peer's domain,
For perfect harmony.

No gay parade,
Or masquerade,
Nor op'ra, ball, nor play;
Can boast delight,
So pure and bright,
To banish spleen away.

O, filent vale !
O, happy dale !
Where J—NS—N fits entwin'd,
Amid the woods,
A feat for Gods,
Enjoying peace of mind.

Ye rofeate bow'rs !
Ye fragrant flow'rs !
That in the valley dwell ;
My theme fhall be,
To fing of thee,
And how thy sweets excel.

The buftling strife,
Of fafhion'd life,
And all the gay call blifs ;
To thee resign,
To thee confign
The crown of happinefs.

“ O, life of blifs !
“ To equal this,
“ Proud Fafhion ftives in vain ;
“ O, happy pair !
“ O, happy fair !
“ O, happy, happy fwain.”

SOLAR ECLIPSE.

STANZAS

*Occasioned by the WEST KENT COLOURS, a Present from Her Grace
the DUTCHESS of DORSET, being first produced in Camp, at
Harwich, on the above Day; September 5, 1793.*

THAT day shall mem'ry oft call o'er,
When prais'd aloud the Kentish corps,
Their Chieftain's grateful name:
And blest by ev'ry soldier's tongue,
In air his Confort's worth they sung,
Whose deeds like homage claim.

Thus, glitt'ring o'er the warlike plain,
Fair Virtue's Ensign view'd the train, (w)
Bearing her gift along,
By peerless female taste prepar'd:—
The neighing steed the boon declar'd,
And hail'd the loyal throng.

The standard rais'd,— as tho' by chance,
The Sun bestowing one proud glance,
Abash'd his radiance hid:
In modest grace the colours play'd,
A conscious blush their pow'rs pourtray'd,
Which Sol's feint rays forbid.

While joyous 'mid the trumpet's sound,
In hasty march assembling round;
 Brave KENT's intrepid band:—
The darken'd sky their vision caught!
They gaz'd— proclaim'd the wonder wrought
 By lovely DORSET's hand.

CHOICE OF A WIFE.

THIS morn, when musing on the scenes of life,
I fondly drew the model of a wife :
Her form was elegant, her dress was neat,
Her manners gentle, and her temper sweet :
Wrought by Nature with peculiar care,
As pure DIANA chaste— as HELEN fair :—
In short, all things were form'd to man's desire,
To fan the blaze— to animate the fire,—
But what, thought I, as beauty fades away,
Will there remain to smoothe Life's wintry day?
I then perus'd the beauties of her *mind*,
And genius found, with sentiments refin'd :
Not proud— learned enough— yet not *too* wise ;
Her inward worth wore Modesty's disguise ;
Religion, Truth, and Charity conspir'd,
To grace her mind, in every sense attir'd.
Such was the fair one which my fancy drew,
But, when I held her likeness up to view,
And on the picture gaz'd— vain wish, I cry'd,
An *Angel* ne'er on earth did yet reside.
Truth, then whisp'ring said, but this *can* be,
For all these requisites in —— you'll see.

ADIEU TO COLLEGE.

FAREWELL, *dear* College, and thy binding rules;
At once the seat of scholars— and of fools;
Where fancy paints each student in his room,
With books encircl'd, 'mid the Cloister's gloom;
In *Locke* wrapt up— or lost in *Newton's* lore,
The heav'nly regions striving to explore;
But oft'ner where, in Bacchanalian roar,
His comrades meet, to prove the cellar's store.

Adieu, ye motley scenes, ye tasteless joys,
Thy dull insipid sameness daily cloy:—
No more the Chapel-bell shall break my rest,
Or threat'ning raise commotion in my breast;
Nor from the social board, to ev'ning pray'r,
Shall its lone accents bid my steps repair:
The surly porter at the midnight gate,
No more shall bid me College vengeance wait;
No more enrol me in the nightly list,
Unless the *Fee* should tempt him to desert.
Nor hence shall morning duns my door assail,
To paint distress in Sorrow's woeful tale.

Lord *Dash*, Sir William *Squander*, and some more,
 Have fled ! and left a most enormous score ;
 Pity my case, and let my wants prevail :—
With your kind heart, I'm sure they cannot fail—
 Begone, ye canting tribe, with visage pale !
 You've drain'd my pocket with your mournful tale.
 My tinsel'd gown, farewell ! no more to grace
 My disrob'd person with thy tawdry lace :
 Stript of my plumage and my honors fled,
 No more the golden tassel decks my head,
 No longer courts obeisance from the throng,
 Or *bows* from Fellows as I pass along.
 Nor longer now, the tutor, sage divine,
 My bills will stretch, or praise my London wine ; (x)
 On some new velvet cap, with *smirking face*,
 His views he'll fix, and bow with *abject grace*.—
 The prying proctor, too, the *mean-earn'd fee* (y)
 No more shall force, to prove his poverty :
 Nor hence shall bid me tend his stern commands,
 Or wait forgiveness, at his *gen'rous* hands.

And thou, fam'd FRANK ! with cheeks of crimson
 hue, (z)

Thou true-born son of Impudence, adieu !
 No more thy wit and ready joke to share,
 Or bid sweet SALLY tea and toast prepare.

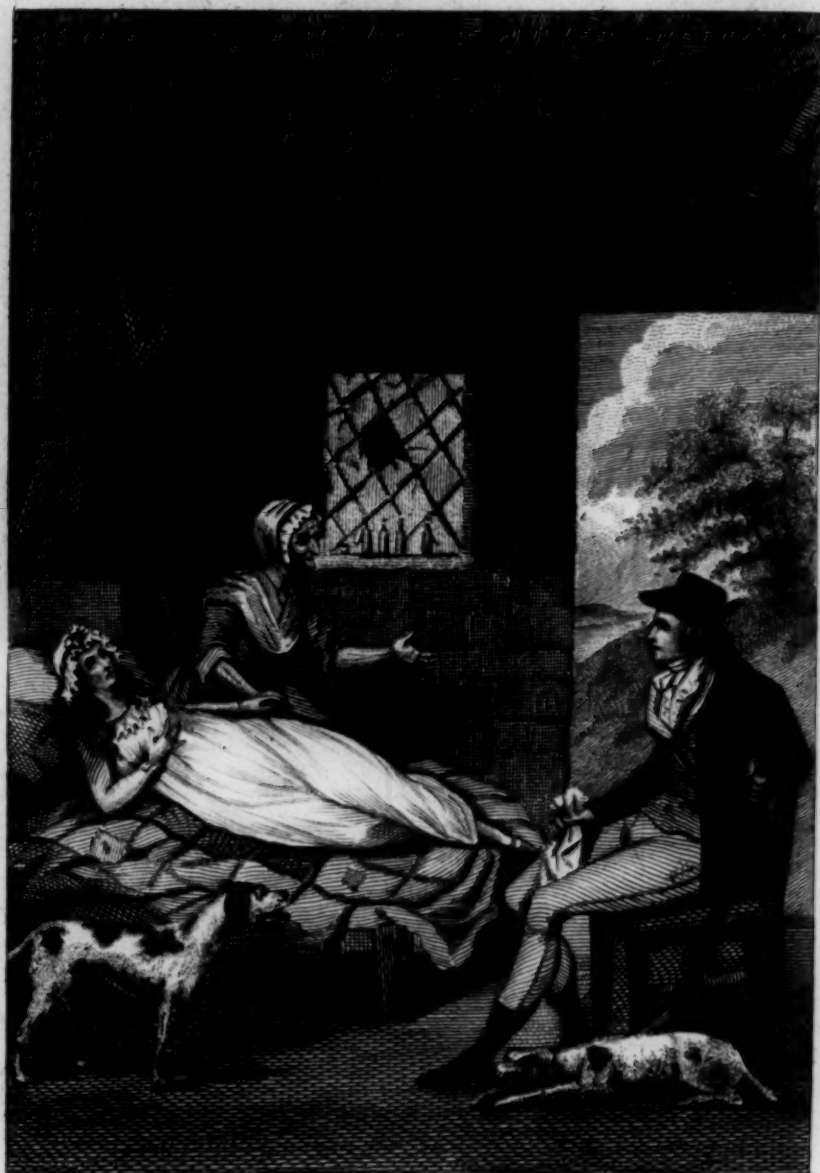
My comrades too, farewell ! no more to join,
In College pranks, or swill thy muddy wine :
No more to hear the noisy songster's roar,
Or witness drunkards sleeping on the floor.

Such tasteless joys no real bliss afford,
Where vice, instead of pleasure crowns the board :
Where no decorum sways the senseless throng,
Nor lovely woman checks the boundless tongue :
But Bacchus, unmolested, holds his reign,
And dulls, with *too much* wine, the fummy brain.

Be mine the fate far happier scenes to prove,
To boast the prize of some fair maiden's love !
May time quick kindle in my breast the flame,
Quick spread its gen'rous ardour thro' my frame :
Then Cupid aim thy well-directed dart,
And fix it deep in her congenial heart :
Thence may we sip the balm of purest love,
Decreed eternal happiness to prove.

F I N I S.





J. Calkins del.

Author Inscut

B. Reading Sculp.

Alas, Marias!

*But scarce had she culled the glaring flowers of Vice,
 Than withering in her hand, she hurled them from her touch:
 Returned disgusted from the gaudy path,
 And sought again repenting the tracks of Virtue.*

THE
SYMPATHIZING SPORTSMAN;
OR,
THE COTTAGE OF MISFORTUNE.

A SENTIMENTAL FRAGMENT.

IT was a burning first of September—I had taken a sporting box for a couple of months at a considerable distance from the metropolis, in the county of ———, and had risen at dawn of day, to enjoy a diversion, to which from my early youth I had been immoderately attached. Being master of two brace of pointers, it was my plan to hunt them alternately. Don and Plato were my companions fixed upon to welcome Aurora's beams, and to usher in the season; it is not here necessary to detail their qualities, suffice it to observe, they were such dogs in the aggregate as few sportsmen could boast.

The game was scarce, and the harvest backward, and I had fagged along till noon, without being gratified by a single point:— despairing of success, and a good deal fatigued, I reclined upon a stile, in that languid state of suspense, which a sportsman feels when disappointed in his expectations, and contemplating his future plan. The scene around was calculated to inspire reflection, being romantic and picturesque; on each side were fields of waving corn, behind a woody dell, at the bottom of which a bubbling stream softly murmured its irregular course: the prospect before presented a grassy lawn, about a mile in extent, interspersed with spreading oaks, and here and there, stood a solitary shrub, a sad remnant, as it seemed, to tell the enquiring passenger that the spot had formerly been the residence of grandeur and magnificence.

Pleased with the delightful solitude, it was some time before I discovered a small cottage, which raised its humble top, situated upon a rising slope, at the extreme verge of that lawn I have described.— Undetermined as to my future route, added to a total ignorance of the country, I was induced on the score of information to approach it; besides, a material part of my apparatus, through eagerness in

the morning to commence the sport, had been forgotten; it was my leather bottle filled with choice Madeira, that had thrice voyaged it round the Cape, and which I had placed on the table a few minutes only before my setting out: a draught of new milk would have been a luxurious banquet to a tired and thirsty sportsman. On a nearer aspect of this almost roofless tenement, (its outside consisting literally of clay and sticks interwoven together) it seemed more like a shed for cattle, to seek refuge under from the adverse storm, than the habitation of a human being; but what was my surprize, when on entering, instead of finding a shepherd, or a cow-boy, to direct my weary steps, stretched on the bed, (or rather the floor) of poverty, in a dirty linen garb, lay apparently in sickness, one of the fairest forms of Nature's work—flaxen ringlets, remarkably long and striking, meandered in dishevelled order, nearly to the bottom of her waist.—The figure of an aged matron, with her head inclined downwards, and clasping a delicately white hand, sat sorrowing by her side. Lost in wild admiration, I had gazed sometime unperceived, when Plato bounced past, and put an end to my reverie.

Addressing the old woman, who had just raised her eyes from the ground, I approached, and my conjectures were confirmed.—Death seemed suspended but for a few minutes :— the fair object of my enquiry appeared insensible to what passed ; her countenance which was engagingly expressive, portrayed the mixed traits of sorrow and hopeful resignation ; her eye-lids half closed, displayed long dark lashes, the more beautiful from the contrast of light hair, and, though evidently in extreme illness, her cheeks still retained a faint glow which flattered with slender hopes of life : it was that kind of face which would at once attract the beholder's admiration ; and though it might not, perhaps, bear pulling to pieces by the scrutinizing eye of female envy, yet boasted the charm of modest sweetness, blended with good-nature, more pleasing sometimes, than the regular lineaments of perfect, but often inanimate beauty.

No time was to be lost ; interrogatories and answers succeeded each other, and I found from her guardian nurse, that MARIA had been seized with a pulmonary complaint (under which she frequently laboured) three weeks since, lingering in the state I beheld her, with little relief or assistance the whole

time; the *Doctor*, to be sure, had sent her some draughts, (a few empty phials lay scattered on the ledge of a broken window, exposed to the north wind, which at intervals blew directly upon MARIA's emaciated frame;) in truth, her little all was expended, and *Sangrado*, in his professional pursuits, observed one invariable rule: it was his maxim never to labour in vain.

Gracious Heaven! thought I, and is Beauty's lovely offspring thus suffered to perish, unpitied and unassisted?—It was a good three miles to the village where the Doctor lived, but directed to a neighbouring farmer, by the help of a ready saddled steed, I dispatched an honest countryman, who in less than an hour had reached the hamlet, and returned again with this ragged son of *Esculapius*, who resembled much the description of Shakspeare's Apothecary; but, alas! our efforts were vain.—MARIA had just breathed her last, and lay a clay-cold corpse. A serene smile, the emblem, as it appeared, of happiness, sat upon her lifeless features; lovely even in death. Moved with the affecting scene, I gazed in silent sorrow, and dropped some tears upon her Angel form:—the Doctor's countenance evinced little concern,—his heart and *Edmund's* were made of different

materials:— perhaps a profession which exposed him often to similar scenes of distress, might have harden'd his feelings, and rendered them callous to those sensations which EDMUND felt; and that affliction, which he could not witness without participating the tender effusions of poor old MARGARET's grief— for she sat weeping bitterly by the bed-side of her departed friend.—I rewarded this mock *Physician*, (a distinction he had assumed) for his trouble, and we parted.

Too much interested with my adventure, and prevented by humanity abruptly to leave the cottage, I had now time for reflection; and curiosity as well as other motives, prompted me to investigate the labyrinth in which I was immured, and to unravel a mystery, at once so novel and romantic. I learned from the good old woman, that she had known MARIA about six months, previous to which she had lived in the service of a widow lady in the neighbourhood; but that on finding the work too hard for a sickly constitution, she left her place, and had since sought a livelihood by making of baskets, (an art which she herself had taught her) and carrying them for sale about the country; adding, that MARIA had often told her, she was by birth and education

a gentlewoman. That she had written a little history of her life; but, never having been instructed in writing, she knew not what it contained.

I desired her to produce the memorial,— I perused it in tears; and, if I had only wept before, I now felt the pangs of real distress; penned in a style that would have done credit to a performance composed at any age, with the advantage of classical erudition; she enumerated in pathetic language, as far as recollection enabled, the innocent pleasures of her early infancy, advancing in a progressive manner to the period which closed her existence.—The daughter of a country gentleman, and heiress to a considerable fortune, she had received a brilliant education, beloved by her friends, and happy in the affection of a tender parent. Thus had the fleeting years rolled on in peace and gaiety, till that age when the mind begins to expand, and love, often in the garb of friendship, steals, by soft insinuation, its unobstructed passage into the female bosom. Among others who visited at her father's, was a gentleman of small property in the West-Indies, agreeable in his person, and of amiable manners and disposition: attached by mutual inclination, happiness or misery depended on their union or separation; and at length in the

frantic hour of intoxicated love, they eloped, and set sail for Barbadoes, where the marriage ceremony was to be solemnized, but ere they had reached the anxious port which was to crown all their wishes, the being in whose fate was centered her every thought, inherited a watery grave: a fatal shipwreck had been the consequence, and MARIA, with five mariners only, (by whose assistance she had survived the storm) were the sad remainder of the hapless crew; and, but for them, when returning sense informed her of her loss, she would have dashed from the rock which favored their escape, and perished with her lover in the devouring deep:— but she was reserved for future misery: left to scale the summit of despair and wretchedness, cast on a strange shore, friendless and unknown, and all parental concern estranged, she became a prey to despair and want, which at length rendered her an easy conquest to the wiles of man; but scarce had she culled the glaring flowers of vice, than withering in her hand, she hurled them from her touch; returned disgusted from the gaudy path, and sought again, repenting, the tracks of virtue. Once more landed by her false admirer, (who promised a safe passage) on her native shore, hopeless and forlorn, she determined

on the more pleasurable occupations of humble life; for however sweet the roses with which illusive fancy may deck the ways of vice and dissipation, woeful experience proves that there lurks beneath them many a poisonous thorn; whilst the peaceful avenues which lead to Virtue's sacred temple, are strewn with evergreens, that flourish in undecaying and immortal purity. With these reflections, she wandered from village to village in search of employment, and at last had found, if not a happy, at least a calm asylum in the retreat of industry.

Thus, the unpitied victim of remorse, she had only reached her three-and-twentieth year, when death closed an existence, which could not have been prolonged but in misery. But for that one irretrievable error, her character was fair and spotless: could that have been effaced, and had it pleased the Almighty to have restored her to the world, as *Sterne* thought of *his MARIA*, so would I have thought of *my MARIA*, and have realized his sentiments.—Yes, *MARIA*, I would have warmed thee in my own bosom; thou shouldst have sat at the same board with me, have shared the same repast, and have been to me perhaps a wife: but fate and heaven ordained it otherwise, and it is well. Wrapt up in

sentiment, I left the humble roof which had given birth to the most interesting scene in a yet unexperienced life, and plodded my way in the dusk of evening to my retired cot, fatigued and sorrowful.

My mind entertained not the smallest doubt respecting the truth of MARIA's narrative; and had I been inclined, I wished not to question its veracity. After necessary refreshment, I sought the pillow of repose, and awoke the next morning, as it were from a visionary dream, and scarce able to convince myself, that the scene I had been witness to, was more than the mere illusion of fancy. Alas! it was but too true! the pleasures of the field were for the present only a secondary consideration; my thoughts were more pleasingly engaged: a few guineas made but a small decrease in my finances, and when expended in the cause of humanity, the idea became doubly pleasing. I resolved, therefore, on seeing MARIA decently interred; and ere a week had elapsed, her poor remains, attended by a few village peasants, were borne to their long dark abode, unhonoured by the tear of pity, or the groan of lamentation; but that they might rest in peace, and revive in happiness, was the prayer of EDMUND.

Though, from motives of delicacy, and to avoid the abuse of unmerited scandal, I mixed not in the train at MARIA's funeral, (a task which would have been a gloomy satisfaction to one of my disposition) yet often during my retirement would I visit alone, as it were by stealth, her deserted grave, and strew it with autumnal flowers: my enthusiasm was carried to a romantic height, and the circumstances have left an indelible impression on my memory. On the annual return of that day which gave them birth, I pursue my sport in a kind of pensive pleasing melancholy, intermingled with undescribable sensations of regret and happiness, and sighing repeatedly, as I muse along, alas, MARIA!

(Signed)

EDMUND.

" Ah, little think the gay, licentious, proud,
 Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
 They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
 And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;
 Ah, little think they, while they dance along,
 How many feel, this very moment death,
 And all the sad variety of pain:
 How many sink in the devouring flood,
 Or more devouring flame: how many bleed,
 By shameful variance betwixt man and man:
 How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
 Shut from the common air, and common use
 Of their own limbs: how many drink the cup
 Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
 Of misery: fore pierc'd by wint'ry winds,
 How many shrink into the fordid hut
 Of cheerless poverty : "

THOMSON.

LETTER

TO THE

EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

(*Written during the late severe Winter.*)

Mr. EDITOR,

THE preceding lines (which
 I think should be engraved on every person's hand-
 kerchief, at this time so frequently coming in con-
 tact with the watery eye and the running nostril)

occurring to my recollection, when contemplating the lamentable state to which many of my fellow-creatures are reduced by the present rigid season, have induced me to address you on the subject of philanthropy: you are at all times ready, Sir, to stand forth a Champion in the cause of the distressed, and are daily the defender of your Country, and the blessings which Englishmen enjoy.

Generosity has ever been the just characteristic of the British Nation, more particularly since the unhappy revolution in France; and I am glad to find, in your paper of this day, that the Duke of N—TH—BER—ND has set the laudable example of relieving the necessitous: but it not unfrequently happens, that those who are blessed with wealth, are less sensible to the sufferings of their inferiors, than others, whose inclinations would lead them, but whose circumstances will not permit them, to afford substantial relief. Like the Poet therefore, I address myself, not to those whose hearts are open to charity, but to others, who rolling in immense riches, seem to consider their starving countrymen an order of beings distinct from themselves, and merely born to contribute to their own ease and consequence: such characters there are in this metropolis, and

such men deserve the lash of rebuke.—It appears contrary to the principles of nature, that avarice should be the vice of old age, but so it is: the Miser tottering upon the brink of the grave, still hugs himself over his bags of gold, and at the last hour, when Death's alarum bell summonses him to his dark abode, his countenance will brighten up from the reflection of the beloved metal, so interwoven with his thoughts.

At this time, no individual whatever, placed above the stings of indigence, can be excused from contributing his mite towards filling the craving coffers of the needy. How just then is censure, when aimed at those, whose situations enable them to distribute universal good, and who neglect this important Christian duty. Let them banish from their memory the mean proverb, *Charity begins at home*, and instead of prostituting their stately mansions to ostentatious hospitality, convert them into temporary asylums for the poor. Let the haughty Patrician, indulging on the canopy of costly comfort, reflect, that many are they who at the same instant are perishing on the cold ground. Let the fashionable Spendthrift, instead of carrying his hundreds to the Pharo Table, visit the shed of penury, and

dive into the dungeons of the wretched. The paths to misery are not so intricate but that he may readily trace the way. A Dutchess of D—VON——IRE, when glittering through power and affluence, in the meridian of beauty, and the English youth fluttering in her train, disdained not to visit the cottage of want, and the prison of the unfortunate. She forgot not her own species, and remembered she was but mortal: her actions evince that she constantly carries in her sympathetic bosom, the mottos, *γνώθι σεαυτον*, *Memento mori*: (know thyself, let me remember that I am to die) and reflecting that she owed her envied dignity to mere chance, or that Providence had thus exalted her, in order to dispense good to others, she judged it her duty to cheer the miserable, and to dry up the tear of affliction. Amiable Sensibility! lovely Philanthropist! surrounded by the vanities of a captivating seducing world, she knew how transitory was its state, and how empty the word greatness, except when attached to purposes of benevolence. No ostentation directs her liberal hand, for her supplies are generally secret, and the wretched object of her compassion, knows not from whence the generous portion comes. Such examples ought to be held up to public admiration.

Let others, endowed with equal means, put on her God-like nature, and dispatch their private agents in search of wretchedness. It is inconsistent with the belief of a great and merciful Providence, to suppose, when looking down upon an hundred of his creatures, that he should doom ninety-nine to misery, and *one* only to every blessing which the terrestrial world can bestow: he has doubtless wisely intended, that *that* one, so eminently distinguished from the rest, was for the purpose of conveying happiness to a certain portion of his fellow-creatures; and Heaven will never countenance such vile perversion of her gifts as she must daily witness. Ye sons of affluence and ostentation, reflect that the grave knows no distinction; and that the soul, stript of its gaudy apparel, and covered only with its worldly vices, will appear poor indeed, when cited before the dread tribunal of an impartial Judge, and an offended Creator.

These reflections, Mr. EDITOR, naturally lead the Philanthropist to consider the situation of the Emigrant Refugees, towards whom this country has displayed such commendable and unexampled support; and the additional influx of Foreigners, which the perturbed State of Holland is now daily pouring in

upon us, demands the serious attention of Government, and of every Englishman.—Let us still continue to imitate the example of the good Samaritan, and pour oil into the wounds of the afflicted; but at the same time, let us watch at the doors of *Frenchmen*, in order to distinguish the *snake in the grass*, from those, whose situations claim commiseration, and pull from the face of the perfidious the mask of hypocrisy. Such men are succoured in this capital, and who, should their countrymen ever realize their chimerical and phantom-like invasion, will be the first to re-unite under the crimson banners of their brother murderers and robbers.—But fear not, Britons! “England,” (as Mr. Wyndham observed in a late debate, in bold and manly language) “has met France single-handed in her *proudest* day.”—Let our croaking Jacobins, recall to mind the *Invincible Armada*: let them picture the fleets of Spain, occupying seven miles in length upon the threatening ocean, terrified at the undaunted cliffs of Albion, and beaten from her shore, the remnant of their colours transfused with blushes, returning dismantled, and in shameful confusion to their own coasts. If ever the boasted determination, *Delenda est Carthago*, so often quoted in the Convention, is fulfilled, it

will be by the sons of our own soil. Rome, humble as she now appears, was once the haughty mistress of the world, and what was the cause of her downfall? that laid her temples in ashes, and levelled her prosperity with the dust?—Luxury and Diffipation;— and Luxury and Diffipation are the only foes of which Britannia need stand in awe. Let us prepare for the event, but let the idea of an invasion vanish; but supposing it accomplished, and the French actually landed upon English ground; the sons of Albion are ready to rise in arms to protect their rights, their property, and every thing that is dear in life: the manufacturer to leave his loom, the husbandman his plough, and the mechanic his trade. Let the standard of CONSTANTINE be raised in the middle of our Island, and its every inhabitant, metamorphosed into a temporary warrior, surrounded with rocks and waves, and no hopes remaining, but in resistance, will rally round its sacred influence at the trumpet's solemn shout, in defence of their God, their Families, their Country, and their King!—While our fair Christian Country-women, with anxious but undismayed countenances, their infants protected within the ramparts of their arms, will watch at their doors like Spartan Matrons (the ties

of natural affection for a while suspended) to inquire,— not the fate of their husbands, their sons or their relatives,— but “if the *Battle's* won?” and “*with this,*” Britons, “ye *shall conquer!!!*”

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

(Signed)

A DEFENDER of the POOR,

LONDON,
January 21, 1795.

And of my COUNTRY,

* * It may be proper to observe, that the above Letter (being periodical, and partly of a political nature) was introduced *here*, in consequence of a particular request; but the Author presumes no apology will be deemed necessary by the Reader, from those who espouse the cause of the wretched, at *any time*, or in *any place*.



NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS.

NOTE A.

ADIEU TO HARROW.—*Line 14.*

“ We’ve painted future blifs o’er Windred’s ale.”

A Public-house famous for good ale.

NOTE B.

SAME POEM.—*Line 19.*“ And you, *Black Ben*, who oft with threat’ning nod.”*Black Ben!* a misnomer applied by the Boys to Dr. H—— the head Master.

NOTE C.

SAME POEM.—*Line 25.*

“ My ARNOLD! shall I quit, unnotic’d, you?”

The Lady with whom the Author boarded; and he here takes an opportunity to acknowledge her kindness and protection.

NOTE D.

SAME POEM.—*Line 33.*

“ Adieu, sweet Grove, beneath whose spreading shade.”

The Grove belonging to Sir JOHN RUSHOUT's house, where the head boys were allowed access, and used frequently to compose their verse exercises.

NOTE E.

SAME POEM.—*Line 37.*

“ And you, stern Lion, who with roaring voice.”

A Lion is represented, and placed on the top of the School, over the Bell, from the Founder's name being Lion.

NOTE F.

VERSES *on the Ruins of the PANTHEON.**Line 1, Stanza 11.*

“ Ye made-up groups, no more to vault in air.”

The Author here collected the sentiments of JOHN BULL; attended to the scene of ruin by a fox-hunting companion, who had little relish for these refined amusements; he appeared much delighted at the

many imprecations vented by the populace against the poor Italians ; and on parting, requested me to exercise my poetic talents, (such as they were) in lamenting the downfall of so noble a building, but at the same time by all means to banish the Italian race from the soil of Britain.

NOTE G.

SAME POEM.—*Line 1, Stanza 13.*

“ Quick then, depart from this ill-fated Isle.”

From the singular circumstance of two Operahouses being consumed by fire, in so short a space of time ; viz. The King’s Theatre, and the Pantheon, then used as an Opera-house.

NOTE H.

SAME POEM.—*Line 4, Stanza 13.*

“ But secret keep what *shame* would blush to tell.”

Alluding to the immense salaries lavished on Italian performers.

NOTE I.

ELEGY on the Departure of a Family from a
COUNTRY-HOUSE.—*Line 1, Stanza 2.*

“When musing, *Sedley*, ’mid thy blooming flowers.”

Sedley! a fictitious name substituted for the real one.

NOTE K.

SAME POEM.—*Line 2, Stanza 2.*

“Forgetful Pride appear’d with wand in hand.”

Particular circumstances occasioned the writing of this Poem, which cannot be explained to the strange reader, (at least in a note) and those who know the author, are sufficiently acquainted with them.

NOTE L.

SONNET IV.—*Line 6.*

“Ye social walks within yon sacred bow’r.”

Sacred Bow’r!—The Grove, sacred to the Muses.

NOTE M.

SONNET VII.

SAVILLON *taking leave of* ROUBIGNE'S RETREAT:

From the Tale of Julia de Roubigné.

Julia de Roubigné is a well-known Tale, in a series of Letters, translated from the French, and the singular circumstance which directed them into the hands of the original possessor, renders it not improbable, that the story they relate is the recital of truth; and there may possibly have existed a *Savillon* and a *Julia*, as there did an *Abelard* and an *Eloise*. The following notes are added in explanation of those passages from whence the Sonnets are taken. They who wish to be more particularly acquainted with Julia de Roubigné, are referred to the story in toto: it will please such as delight in the perusal of a mournful tale, and who blush not, in condescending occasionally to visit the regions of romantic woe. It differs from the common run of those productions, entitled Novels, in which is generally found a mixture of good and bad, high and low character. *Here* the characters are all noble, the sentiments refined, and the language pensively beautiful.

Savillon and Julia were the children of two friends. Savillon's father had been unfortunate, and Julia's parent had been the friend of his misfortunes : they had never told their love, but the eyes, those faithful indicators of a virtuous passion, had expressed it in more forcible language than the tongue could have done: ignorant of that period when love ceased to be the love of children, and friendship grew into passion; Savillon's departure, (whose destiny drives him from his native country) first revealed to them their fatal attachment; with a beating heart he leaves the coast of France, in search of that wealth, which he valued only, that it might render him the more worthy of Julia. While abroad, a false report prevails of Savillon's marriage, which induces Julia, in obedience to parental wishes, to accept the hand of Count Louis de Montauban, the friend and benefactor of her father Pierre de Roubigné, but her heart knows no other than Savillon; and from these unhappy nuptials issues the melancholy sequel.

NOTE N.

SONNET VII.—*Line 5.*

“ Th' untrodden glade, to love and virtue dear !”

“ In the recesses of Roubigné’s retreat, there was a wild and rocky dell, where tasteless wealth had never warred on nature, nor even elegance refined or embellished her beauties. The walks were only worn by the tread of the shepherds, and the banks only smoothed by the feeding of their flocks: *there*, too dangerous society! did Savillon pass whole days with Julia: *there*, more dangerous still! did he pass whole days in thinking of her.”—See *Julia de Roubigné*.

NOTE O.

SONNET VIII.

JULIA watering the Flowers, which SAVILLON had planted, with her Tears.

“ The day previous to Savillon’s departure for Martinique, while taking an evening walk about the grounds, and examining some curious seeds, put into his hand by Roubigné, he dropped a few on a spot called Julia’s garden. Not long after he was gone the flowers appeared: Julia would frequently steal unobserved to watch the growth of those flowers, and when they began to droop, she watered them with her tears.”—See *Julia de Roubigné*.

NOTE P.

SONNET X.—*Line 4.*

“ And haggard Poverty prepares a tomb.”

“ Savillon had few friends, and he seemed not to wish them many, (such, however, as the world commonly call friends) Beauvaris, who ranked among the number of those few, was the brother of his soul, and his latter days saw him struggling with Poverty.”
See *Julia de Roubigné*.

NOTE Q.

SONNET XIII.

MONTAUBAN *meditating the Death of his Wife JULIA.*

Montauban believing his wife to have dishonored the marriage bed, meditates her murder: the circumstances which led him to suppose her guilty, are sufficiently strong to disturb the quiet of a jealous and haughty mind.—Savillon's concealed picture is discovered wet with Julia's tears.—She breathes his name in her sleep, accompanied with deep sighs, consents to a private meeting, &c. and Montauban thence banishing from his thoughts every idea of her innocence, administers poison.

NOTE R.

SONNET XIV.

Julia, in her last letter to Maria, after having imbibed the fatal potion, predicts her approaching end: recalls over the past scenes of their early lives, and bids a long farewell to her amiable and virtuous friend.

NOTE S.

SAVILLON *at the Tomb of JULIA.*

We hear nothing further of Savillon, after having taken his last leave of Julia: but it is no great stretch of fancy for a Poet, especially when writing from romantic events (nor even should there really have existed a Savillon) to picture him at the tomb of his departed lover: situated as the tale relates him, it is perfectly compatible with the feelings of nature, to imagine on his receiving the tidings of Julia's untimely end, that the past scenes of their fateful lives, would rush with fresh vigour upon his tortured mind, and that he would trace out the spot where her remains were deposited, in a state of melancholy distraction.

NOTE T.

*Tributary Lines on the Arrival of the MARQUIS
CORNWALLIS from INDIA.—Line 13.*

“When (safe on board) the parting Swallow heav’d a
figh.”

The Packet in which his Lordship came passenger to England.

NOTE V.

EPITAPH on a FARMER.

Some time elapsed, before the person on whom this Epitaph was written, discovered the author of it, and when informed, that it was from the pen of one, whom he had seen grow up from an infant, the good old man became deprived of utterance, and “flhone in tears.”

NOTE U.

VERSES on a Church-yard, at MOON-LIGHT.

Line 4, Stanza 7.

“Here fall his honors, and here dies his name.”

Although his name may live on the monument from self vanity, or the pride of relatives, it graces not, perhaps, the page of history, and by his country is remembered no more.

NOTE W.

SOLAR ECLIPSE.—*Line 2, Stanza 2.*

“Fair Virtue’s Ensign view’d the train.”

An Horse acted as Ensign in bearing the Colours to the Camp.

NOTE X.

ADIEU TO COLLEGE.—*Line 34.*

“Nor longer, now, the tutor, sage divine !

“My bills will stretch, or praise my London wine.”

Poets are allowed the privilege of fiction, and should these lines ever meet the eye of the author’s learned and respected tutor, he hopes he will not censure him for having made use of that liberty in its full extent : but where is the philosopher so strictly conscientious, and so dead to the blessings of independence, who, transplanted from a bed of thistles, and placed for a few moments in a garden of smiling roses, that will not be tempted to sip their fragrance,

ere the rude wind and the fleeting season, dissipate and destroy their sweets.

NOTE Y.

SAME POEM.—*Line 37.*

“ The prying Proctor, too, the mean-earn’d fee,
“ No more shall force to prove his poverty.”

There are certain fines exacted by the Proctors, when they find the students without bands, or any other part of their academical appendages; by which privilege, should they be inclined, they may reap a plentiful harvest during their Proctorship.

NOTE Z.

SAME POEM.—*Line 41.*

“ And thou, fam’d Frank, with cheeks of crimson hue.”

Frank Smith, the Master of a celebrated Coffee-house at Cambridge, called the Union; and distinguished for his genuine humour and a red face.



DIRECTIONS
FOR
PLACING THE PLATES.

Let each Plate (except the Frontispiece) face the Poem it
represents, viz.

- Plate I. (the Frontispiece) to face The Title Page.
- II. to face the Poem, entitled, Stanzas on hearing the
Screech-Owl.
- III. to face Elegy written on the
Sea Coast at Margate.
- IV. to face Savillon at the Tomb
of Julia.
- V. to face Stanzas on a Church-yard.
- VI. to face The Fragment.



ERRATA.

- Page 1 Line 13 of Introduction, *for* mead, *read* meed
— 14 — 3 Stanza last, *for* shrieks, *read* shriek
— 36 — 13 *for* bluft'ring, *read* blushing
— 47 — 2 *for* magic, *read* dazzling
— 53 — 7 *for* eer *read* ere
— 57 — 3 Stanza IV. *for* hate, *read* hated
— 62 — 5 Stanza III. *for* loaths, *read* loathes
— 71 — 3 *for* beech, *read* beach
— 73 — 12 *for* e'er, *read* ere
— 85 — 3 Stanza III. *for* prefs, *read* stamp
— *ib.* — 2 *for* drafts, *read* draughts
— 92 — 13 *for* swallow, *read* Swallow.

PLATE

1. *Platanus indica* L. (Platanus)

2. *Platanus indica* L. (Platanus)

3. *Platanus indica* L. (Platanus)

4. *Platanus indica* L. (Platanus)

5. *Platanus indica* L. (Platanus)

6. *Platanus indica* L. (Platanus)

7. *Platanus indica* L. (Platanus)

8. *Platanus indica* L. (Platanus)

